



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol 10, No. 25 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Ltd. Proprietors, Office—Adelaide Street West.)

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 8, 1897.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 493

Around Town.

I have a letter from a gentleman with very positive opinions, who says that Canadians or Englishmen should always travel to Canada via New York and a British ship in order to enjoy the comforts of a well appointed vessel and rapid transit. He mentions the fact that the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and many British notabilities have recently crossed the Atlantic by this route. His statements are without doubt truthful and pertinent. Where Canada should find itself most at fault in the matter is very likely in the fact that we have been so far behindhand in furnishing a quick and comfortable route of travel, that we are not only entirely ignored by our own magnates, but are unable to attract the people who come to this New World from afar.

The fact, however, that we cannot bring home our own officials with sufficient celerity or comfort, proves the absolute necessity of a fast transatlantic service between Canada and Great Britain. If reports are to be believed, the present Government has already signed a provisional contract with a firm which is quite able to put, either from Queenstown, Bedford Haven or Liverpool, a line of vessels which will discount anything on the Atlantic. That Canada is endeavoring to place herself at the head of a great many businesses which were once ignored; that this country is so popularly governed that Great Britain has affectionately taken us by the arm; that our internal resources are being developed so as to invite great blocks of foreign capital, should make the citizens in general rejoice that we have lifted our burden over the hill and that very soon our prosperity will be so great that the whole country will be on a new plane of progressiveness so profitable that every minor impulse in the whole Dominion will feel the thrill of renewed activity.

The fact remains, all the same, that Canadians should use their own routes of travel as far as possible. They should accustom themselves to the trivial hardships that they may escape from by using the New York lines. Men whose every moment is precious to them of course will always take the fastest route, but without depreciating the strength of our correspondent's remarks the fact remains the same, that Canada has a right to be seriously offended when its most conspicuous officers fail to utilize Canadian lines.

We seldom have such a steady downpour of rain as that which kept people indoors last Sunday, and for my part I did not regret it, for the city clergymen were to preach against Sunday cars. Our clerical friends are apt, when a specially fine day shines upon some important church event, to say with a good deal of unctious that "Providence has been very good to bless us in this way." Without intending any irreverence, I feel like saying that Providence was very kind to bless those who want Sunday street cars as it did by furnishing an object lesson last Sunday, for surely if Providence has to do with fine days—and I believe it has—it has also to do with wet days, and hot days, and cold days, and days when people are made to miss the things that they are unreasonably opposed to. As it happened, the people of this city, who as a whole very properly make a special point to go to church at least once a day, largely stayed at home in the morning hoping that it would be fair at night, and then stayed at home at night because it was too wet to go out. Of course the staunch adherents in the various churches turned out as usual, and to these the object lesson of Sunday cars was made most apparent.

In the first place, the discomfort and the danger of getting wet on one's way to church are no small affairs, for to sit in wet clothes for an hour or two is likely to do one a great deal of physical harm. In the next place, those who plodded along under dripping umbrellas, finding the penetrating rain making them feel wet and uncomfortable, had an excellent opportunity of viewing some of the chief opponents of Sunday cars going to service in carriages. True, many of the owners of carriages, rather than have their men and horses turn out in the rain, stayed at home themselves, perhaps glad enough of the excuse of showing some appreciation of the discomfort their servants would have to undergo. Altogether, the reduced attendance in the churches last Sunday must have indicated to the ministers that no matter how fanatical the chief religionists of Toronto are when their own discomfort is not involved, it is not hard to keep them at home if they are liable to get wet, or cold, or hot. If street cars had been running, the attendance at the churches would have been larger, and it is the careless, not the devout, who most need religious services. As a matter of fact, people hold their religious beliefs much more lightly than they imagine, if performance rather than profession is to be taken as the test. Doubtless the clergymen know that many people go to church because it is convenient, pleasant, and they have nowhere else to go, and therefore they dread the introduction of a cheap Sunday transportation system which may afford the populace an opportunity of going visiting or taking a ride out into the country. This is a natural fear, yet those who are trying by coercion to prevent such opportunities being afforded might well examine the benefits, if any, which are derived by those who attend church in a perfunctory way because they feel like going somewhere and there is nowhere else

to go. If sermons preached in the city churches were continually those of an evangelizing sort, in which strong appeals were being made to the sinner to forsake his ways and identify himself with a strong and persistent endeavor to reclaim his own and other souls, each wanderer who dropped into a pew would stand some chance of being converted. That such an attempt is being continually or vigorously made by the city pastors, can hardly be claimed, for the sermons very frequently are of a general character, semi-scientific, semi-literary, semi-sensational, doctrinal, or on behalf of missions or against Sunday cars, or something of that sort.

Such topics as the latter are rather dangerous, because men have very strong opinions on municipal subjects sometimes and dislike being

It seems to me that Toronto is over-much given to fads, and that the majority of people who have a little leisure are never content unless they are fighting for or against something which really means very little to them as a personal or moral matter. With the majority of those who are contending for Sunday cars it is a business matter. They feel that Toronto is being injured by its lack on Sunday of its everyday means of getting about. To each one it is an individual inconvenience and many times a year a source of intense irritation. Men with certain tasks are compelled to live nearer the center of the city than they would otherwise desire to do, because on Sunday they do not feel prepared to walk to and from Rosedale, or Parkdale, or other outlying districts. Men who work in one part of the city and live in another, must either every day take long street

within two years after the establishment of Sunday cars in Toronto, if a vote were to be taken for their abolition, two thousand people could not be coaxed to the polls to favor such a project.

A lady contributes the following:

"Not long ago the minister who was officiating at a leading city church came to the services and went home in a carriage. I ventured to criticize this as being unfair while the churches refuse to permit the people of Toronto to ride in Sunday cars. I was quite sharply corrected and told that the minister was lame and could not have walked without great labor and possible pain. Since then I have thought that there are doubtless throughout the city a great many lame people who are not preachers, but who would like to ride to church. As the majority of them are poor and many are old and have formed attachments to the people and places of worship to which they are used,

shed lest the lambs be chilled, and in the easy-going family there is nothing left but to sleep or to read some thrice-read newspaper or book. But with the drip of the rain comes the memory of always having to go to church, wet or dry, hot or cold. The elder's family had to "set an example," and I used to feel that it was one of my greatest misfortunes that I had to do a part of this "example" business. I am afraid after I escaped parental control my share of being an "example" has not amounted to much, but it was deadly in those old days when I had to go out and hitch up the horses and drive the lurching old vehicle for a couple of miles—strict as the family was, it was never thought to be wrong to drive to the meeting-house. Then after the folks got out on the stand erected for the purpose, the poor, dripping beasts had to be put in the shed and covered up, and then with mud nearly up to one's knees a seat had to be taken, an hour-and-a-half sermon listened to, with very poor singing waiving through a chilled spring atmosphere charged with steaming clothes, perfumed by the dripping garments piled around a smoking stove. It is comforting to look back at greater miseries than we are at present experiencing; for in those strict days, when the little procession of vehicles filed homeward it was with the prospect of a cold dinner, everything being cooked the night before that the Sabbath day might remain inviolate; and "visiting" was not encouraged because it savored of worldliness and a seeking after carnal amusement. However grotesque such a Sunday may look to us nowadays, is it any more out of harmony with the spirit of the age than going without Sunday street cars in a city like Toronto?

Don.

It appears to be now settled that Mayor Fleming is to accept the Assessment Commissionership about August 1, and that one of the aldermen will fill the Mayor's chair during the closing five months of the year. Without discussing Mr. Fleming's suitability for the position, which he seems to value more than the office which he sued for and secured from the electors, it may not be out of place to remark that it is unfortunate that this city cannot secure Mayors and aldermen who are above the necessity of looking for vacant salaried positions in the city's service. Whenever there is a vacancy there are rumors indicating that at least several aldermen jump in haste to grab the plum. In the present case, if Mr. Fleming is really to be the new Assessment Commissioner, it is not likely that the deal was consummated and brought into perfectly smooth running order without "understandings" being reached, and the nature of these deals, if any, may come out later on. The episode, on the whole, is not a nice one.

The monthly magazines and the illustrated weekly papers of the United States are devoting much space to the life and work of General Grant and to the splendid tomb erected in his memory. Pictures of this beautiful marble structure look out at us from the pages of many publications, and that superb monument must be regarded as a visible and lasting mark of approval set by this generation of Americans upon the work of the great war captain of the last generation. After admiring a full-page picture of the Grant memorial in *Harper's Weekly* the other day, I next opened the *Cosmopolitan* and found half a dozen pages devoted to reproductions of photographs taken on various battlefields during the Civil War. One photograph shows the field next morning after the second battle of Bull Run, and although thirteen months had elapsed between the dates of the two engagements, yet among those who had been shot and destroyed on the yesterday were strewn the white skulls and bones of men who had been slain on the same spot thirteen months earlier and had never been buried—had never even been tumbled into a ditch and hastily covered, as has been the pitiful fate of many thousands of brave fellows in all corners of the earth. There are other pictures equally calculated to dampen any man's ardor for war. One shows a Confederate sentry—a mere boy—sitting erect with his rifle between his knees, he having been shot where he sat, and, when photographed next morning, looking like one asleep at his post. There is another photograph of a trench with the distorted bodies of men left there when the Southern army retreated, and all of the photographs are gruesome and very sobering in their effect upon the ardent imagination of youth. The most popular war pictures are those painted by artists who have heroic impulses but no real experience of war. Detailed paintings splendid charges of cavalry, and everyone is familiar with pictures in which dragoons, with waving swords and sublime fires alight in their eyes, sweep towards invisible foes. The imagination of the world always sees the Light Brigade charging; the mind never calls up the scene showing the men hewed down and trampled underfoot, torn, disfigured, forgotten by friend and enemy.

A generation blessed with peace naturally gets a wrong conception of war. The men who fought gallantly and survived, move about, securing honor after honor, and at last die, mourned by a nation. The equally brave who fell in battle are soon forgotten. The poets sing of the victories; the artists paint idealistic pictures of triumphs and gallant charges. Here and there a man like General Grant is elected to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, but there never comes to the masses of

Continued on Page Four.



AMORINETTA.

preached at or prayed for when they think they are thoroughly well able to manage their material businesses without interference. If a man can be an Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, or indeed belong to any orthodox church, and still ride on Sunday cars, it can do nothing but anger him, if he desires to move about on Sunday as he does on week days, to have his pastor grow violent over proposals to release the citizens from the bondage of a go-a-foot Sunday. Of course it may be said that one cannot belong to these churches and ride on Sunday cars. If the churches intend to make this an ultimatum, the pastors are quite right in denouncing the proposal and preaching strongly against the alleged innovation. Surely no one would say if a man died on Monday after having ridden on a street car on Sunday, that he could not go to heaven on account of having committed the sin of not walking. Even the most extreme people would scarcely take this ground. Then if a man can ride on Sunday street cars and still get into heaven, unless it is harder to get into these churches than into the Celestial City he can also retain his membership and use these facilities for getting about.

car journeys to reach their employment, or else move near their work and break up all the attachments of a domestic and social nature which they have formed while living in some other locality. Daughters, when they are married, naturally like to remain near their mothers; and families who are almost entirely dependent upon one another for sympathy or social intercourse, if they in part move to another part of the city find Sunday—the only day that they can spare—unavailable for visiting and enjoying those reunions which to those with few amusements are the chief part of life.

Taking all these things into consideration, it does seem very hard that one section of the city should forbid the other section to ride on the street cars on Sunday. It is harsh and unnatural, and in many cases it is selfish and the outgrowth of narrowness or contrariness. Of one thing we may be sure, that if the Sunday-by-law carries, within a year at least ninety per cent. of those opposed to the cars will ride on them on Sunday, and explain by saying, "Well, I did my best to prevent them, but as they are here I might just as well use them." It would also be safe to predict that

but from which they are now perhaps far removed, why should they not be let ride to church in the only conveyance that they can afford? If they cannot have carriages, as most of them cannot, why not let them use the street cars? I never would have favored Sunday cars if horses were being used, for the horses, poor things, would never have any rest. Now I am firmly convinced that the denial of trolley cars on Sunday leads to the overworking of livery horses, those owned by private people, and the servants who drive them. Surely there is a sentimental argument, and a very strong one, in the fact that people who have grown old in Toronto and whose whole lives have been associated with some particular church, but who have been forced by the necessities of their families to move to distant parts of the city, ought to have an opportunity, without the undue expense of having a carriage, to revisit the altars at which they have worshipped so long, where all the faces of the old are familiar to them and a welcome glimpse of the old days.

Bad as a wet Sunday is in a city, it cannot enter into competition for moist and clammy horrors with a springtime Sunday on the farm when the rain pours and drips, and the wind blows till every casement in the house rattles, and even a look out of doors means a soaking. The cattle huddle by the half-dismantled strawstack, the sheep have to be driven into the

"Our Lady of the Snows."

A Number of Selections from the Poets in Prose and Verse made by Canadian writers against Kipling's phrase.

A poet sung of a nation in words that were kindly meant,
And his song on ethereal pulses throughout the Empire went.
It breathed the Imperial spirit at which the bosom glows,
But he slurred the land that he fain had praised, as
"Our Lady of the Snows."
She has lands unknown to summer, but she keeps them for a park
For such as find little Europe too small for ambition's mark.
She keeps them to pleasure Nansen, for a Franklin to repose,
But they lie remote from the marts and home of
"Our Lady of the Snows."
True she has somewhere, sometime, winters when keen winds bite,
And in the frosty heavens gleams the auroral light,
When in the drifted forest she counts the ringing blows
Of the axe that reaps a harvest for "Our Lady of the Snows."
But while the sturdy Briton still shivers in east winds,
The winter flees and the rivers no more the ice king binds,
And blossom calls unto blossom, and each its fair form shows,
In the land that is called by Kipling "Our Lady of the Snows."
She has woods of pine and maple, where England might be lost;
She has ports that are ever open to ships that are tempest-tossed;
She has fields of wheat unbounded, where the whole horizon glows,
And the hot sun laughs to hear her styled "Our Lady of the Snows."
She has vineyards hanging heavy with clustering purple and white,
And the velvet peach in its swaying nest fills the gardener with delight.
She can pluck, if she will, at Yuletide, in the balmy air, the rose,
And the people smile when they hear her called "Our Lady of the Snows."
The wire that brought that message on lightning under the sea
Had been too short to bear it to her furthest boundary.
Not by a flippant phrasing of catchword verse or prose,
Can the truth be told of the vast domain of "Our Lady of the Snows."
—Arthur Weir in Montreal Star.

CANADA TO KIPLING.

The title is pretty, I grant you,
And I know you meant to be kind,
But I wish you could hit on another
Less risky, if you don't mind.
Of course, as implying my "whiteness,"
I modestly murmur "It goes,"
But I fear few will give that meaning
To "Our Lady of the Snows."

You see, there's a prevalent notion—
Which does me a grievous wrong—
That my climate is almost Arctic,
And my winters ten months long.
Perhaps that is your idea,
For it's widespread, goodness knows!
And this phrase will make it more so—
"Our Lady of the Snows."
—J. W. Bengough in Toronto Globe.

A REPLY.

For a season I am, mother, your Lady of the Snows,
Yet I little like, good mother, the name your song-smith chose.

The overlord of the North was never the master of me;
Hus-wives he hath in the North, and holds by fetter of frost
These he hath, and holds, and they are forever lost.
He wins in the Autumn by spells and subtlety.

Watch, and ye shall see me make bright my bodice
With flowers;
Scarlet and purple and yellow, amber and orange
And green,
Say if my habit is not, then, meet for a summer queen;
Say if one of your daughters, mother, hath fairer bowers.

For a season I am, mother, your Lady of the Snows,
Yet I like not, dear mother, the name your song-smith chose.
—Marstyn Pogue in Toronto Mail and Empire.

WHAT KIPLING DESERVES.

The editor of the *Milton Champion* had not time to array his feelings into rhyme, but in an editorial protests against the phrase, which he says libels our climate, and in a way that is difficult of answer. He concludes by saying that Kipling "should be spanked with a snowshoe."

The idea is picturesque, and would readily have lent itself to the purposes of verse.

IN THE COMMONS.

Mr. Kipling's poem was discussed in the House of Commons at Ottawa. Mr. Quinn, M.P., pointed out that the phrase is not original, but was used by D'Arcy McGee years ago. Sir Adolphe Caron added that, on the authority of the *Catholic Register* of Toronto, he could say that "Our Lady of the Snows" is a phrase belonging to the Church of Rome, and antedates both Kipling and D'Arcy McGee. The Premier, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, replied that it was a poet's license to coin or appropriate any phrase that had the right sound and swing.

ABOUT THE POETS.

Foreigners may form a bad opinion of our Canadian climate by reason of Kipling's verses, and they can hardly fail to form a similar opinion of our Canadian poetry by reason of the effusions which have for their inspiration those same verses of Kipling.—Toronto Telegram.

OUR SUNSHINE AND TEMPERATURE.

In another column appears a letter, descriptive of Toronto, written to the *London Daily Mail* by Mr. Beckles Wilson, and it is interesting to here reproduce a paragraph from it in conjunction with the phrase, "Our Lady of the Snows." Mr. Wilson writes:

Appropos of sunshine, I should like to present Londoners with a few figures dealing with this commodity. I have been told that the total number of sunny days last year in London was sixty-one. In Toronto it was 196. The number of hours of sunshine in Milan in the month of March was 283; in Toronto it was 393, rising in June to 470. The average number of cloudy days per month is less than five, and for several years there have been none at all in

June, July and August. As to the temperature of the winter of 1896, Londoners would be surprised to hear that in January last not a flock of snow was to be seen. The Riviera could not do better than that.

Fishing in Ashbridge's Bay.



EISURELY we came along to within one hundred yards of the water's edge—having gone down Woodbine avenue and over the half-mile of heavy sand—until we saw three small boys fishing there, and one of them drew up a fish that kicked and squirmed gaily in the sun. The sight made us unconsciously quicken our paces. It was only a little bit of a perch, but what could be expected of boys fishing in two feet of water? We passed them with a few cheery remarks. Across Ashbridge's Bay was the Woodbine track, and the horses were being galloped through the sticky mud. But here, nearer, along this peninsula of sand, not a fisherman was to be seen.

"I guess everybody thought it was going to rain all day," said my partner, for on Saturday it had drizzled steadily until about 3 p.m.

"All the better for us," I replied, tangling my line in eagerness to begin.

"Old Probs said we would have local showers. I don't go much on Probs, though," he added, putting a patent sinker on his line. "I fancy that when the deluge began some of those who thought Noah was crazy telephoned up to the weather bureau and were told that there would be local showers. Do you use a float?"

"N't. I fish by feel. I've gone out often with fellows who use corks, and always get more than they do."

"I guess it'll be the same to-day, for I'm using a float," and he produced one of those brilliant red and green things with a quill through it—a miniature buoy—that a fish could see if it were swimming three hundred yards away. Yet, to be fair, I must confess that he caught as many as I did.

"I'm glad to see that you believe in advertising," I said.

"How do you mean?"

I pointed at the float as it shed red and green lights far across the water. Then simultaneously we shook our heads warningly to enjoin silence, for we had cast our lines. This desire for silence could possibly be traced to the fact that in earlier days we had caught trout in little streams that even small boys could bestride.

Behind our backs, across a hundred yards of sand, the lake came pounding in with explosive sounds that would have drowned our voices had we tried to talk. Up further and around a sandy headland, ran out the stone breakwater which protected the cut which lets lake water in to purify Ashbridge's Bay.

After about ten minutes of fishing I looked up and caught my partner stealing a glance at me.

"Around the point?" I asked.

"If you like," he said, and we went.

We tried it all along the stone pier, with our hats pulled down so tight that our heads nearly ached, for the wind blew a gale from the east. "How pleasant it is," thought I, "to feel a fish on the line. That yielding resistance which a fish can offer—a fish that you can't see but can conquer—"

And just then a mightier wave than usual smashed against the other side of the breakwater, and the spray drenched me. We decided to return and fish in the "cut." It was more sheltered. It stood to reason that fish would retire from the stormy water.

"By the way," I asked, "who was that friend of yours who said that there were loads of fish in Ashbridge's Bay?"

"Friend of mine," echoed my partner, coming to a standstill. "Well, I like that! Say, who insisted on coming down here to fish? I didn't, did I? Didn't you come to my office with your pocket full of fish-worms done up in an old newspaper, and, though it was pouring rain, coax me to come?"

"Oh, well, of course, if you're going to talk that way—"

"No, I ain't talking that way—it's you that's talking that way. But, say, here's the best place we've struck yet."

Again we fished, patiently. Then we whipped the water back to the place where the small boys had been. Here I cast my line and caught something—it was an empty gun cartridge. The hook had entered its open mouth. That was the only thing we caught in two hours and a half of fishing. But we came home with appetites that were worth all the trouble we had been put to. And now we are looking for a man with a mustache—the man who advised us to go fishing in Ashbridge's Bay and off the breakwater at Coatsworth's Cut.

He had told us of an immense black bass that was caught there last year. Really that should not have induced us to go. It was an argument against the place as a fishing spot, for if rightly understood, for it simply proved that "there wasn't an immense black bass there," because it had been removed last summer. Why should fishermen reason as a crab walks? Because Tom and Harry catch forty-two bass in some stream one week, why should Dick and Bob rush to the same place the next week? If Tom and Harry hadn't caught any bass there the spot would be a much better place in which to drop a line, for we may infer that those forty-two bass would be there. Therefore, my partner and I can heartily recommend Ashbridge's Bay behind the Woodbine and the breakwater at Coatsworth's Cut as an excellent place to go fishing. We didn't remove a fish. In all the schools of fish there is not a pupil missing. In the homes of the Bass and the Perch families there is not a vacant chair. Hence it is a good place to fish—a better place than it would now be had we carried out our hasty first intentions and caught a couple of hundred of the inhabitants of those waters.

"Mrs. Higgins is still wildly in love with her husband," "Does she put the buttons in his shirts for him yet?" "No; but he told her he sat up all night playing poker without any stakes—and she believes him."—Detroit Free Press.

THE ONLY ONE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Where all Other Remedies Fail.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE NOT INCURABLE.

But There's Only One Cure in the World, and That We Have Named—Hundreds Testify to Cures—Never a Failure Recorded.

It used to be said, "If you have Bright's Disease, it won't be long before people are walking slow behind you."

Bright's Disease affects brainy men particularly. The brainier and more active a man, the more liable he is to Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease is a disease of the Kidneys. It is the name given to the fatty degeneration of those organs. It is caused by excessive use of alcoholic drinks. It is caused by excessive eating of rich food. It may be caused by exposure to cold and moisture. It may be caused by improper living.

But it's not with the cause we have to deal. It is with the cure.

It used to be thought that Bright's Disease was incurable. We know better now. Restore the Kidneys to health and you may eat what you like, drink what you like, work as hard or be as active as you like, and bid defiance to death-dealing Bright's Disease.

But woe to the man who doesn't take care of his Kidneys! When they cease to filter the blood, the blood reeks with poison. Urine actually flows in the veins. You die a lingering death. The spine and extremities first; the brain last. Dying at the bottom while living at the top!

Bright's Disease may be cured by DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, which restore the Kidneys, making them filter the blood properly. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are the only specific for Bright's Disease. They were compounded just for that purpose. They have cured hundreds of cases. They will cure your Kidneys. Try them. Fifty cents a box. For sale at all druggists.

W. M. G. WADE, 940 Queen East, Toronto, says:—"I have used thirty-six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am cured of Bright's Disease after all else had failed."

T. E. CRAIG, 700 Queen East, Toronto, says:—"Never expecting a cure of Bright's Disease, I have been agreeably disappointed by a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

MISS MAUDE COTTERELL, Belleville, Ont., says:—"I have used two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and have been cured of what the doctor said was Bright's Disease."

MR. JAMES WENT, Orillia, Ont., says:—"I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills about six weeks ago, have taken three boxes which have cured me perfectly of Bright's Disease."

Mrs. Commonstalk (soberly)—Are you sure your *fiancée* will make a good home body, Eh? Do you think she knows anything about mending, for instance? Cholly Commonstalk—About mending, mother? Why, that is her very strongest point. I saw her mend a busted tire once in just fourteen minutes by the watch.—Bazar.

Why Not Recuperate This Spring?



Pennoyer's Sanitarium

An ideal, modern home where no expense has been spared in providing every appliance and comfort necessary to make sick people well. Rural surroundings. City advantages. Most healthful locality in America. Distinctive cuisine. Pure water; perfect sanitary conditions. Delightful summer climate. For illustrated booklet, address

W. N. Pennoyer, M. D., manager, Kenosha, Wis.



The Season's New Tans

IN LADIES' SHOES

are fast coming in. The new shades will please your eyes. The new shapes will charm your toes. What a surfeit we have had of the uncomfortable and unbeautiful razor toes.

And what delightful changes in men's shoes, too. They're things of beauty now and a joy to the sole.



For Spring Weddings

We supply the most desirable stationery for wedding purposes.

PAPER—Latest Shapes, Finest Qualities.
ENGRAVING—As good as in London and New York.
PRINTING—Carefully and Perfectly Executed.
PRICES—Lower than imported work and as low as any local production.

Visiting Cards from
Copperplate \$1 per 100

WM. TYRRELL & CO.

12 King St. West, Toronto



He also has a full line of Boys' and Men's in Canvas, Leather Trimmed, at 90c. and \$1.00.

Black, \$1.25 and \$1.35.

Ox Blood, \$1.35 and \$1.50.

Russia Calf, Mercury Soles, Goodyear Welt, \$2.50.

Box Calf, Black and Chocolate, Mercury Soles, Goodyear Welt, \$2.50.

THESE ARE MY BALL-BEARING BICYCLE BOOTS BOUGHT AT

W. L. WALLACE'S, 110 Yonge St.

M. STAUNTON & COY

Wall Paper Bargains

We're getting away from the retailing part of our business as quick as we can—we mean to quit it altogether—we're giving the people some wonderful bargains in fine wall decorations—for instance:

French Pressed Papers—for hall, dining rooms and libraries—reduced from \$2 and \$3 a roll to 75c. and \$1

Room Mouldings—gilt or colored—best make—1 1/2 to 2 inches wide, were 6c. and 8c. a foot, reduced to 4c. and 6c

Odd lots of papers at almost your own prices to clear them.

Wholesale and Manufacturing Branches as usual.

M. STAUNTON & CO.

950 YONGE STREET



All Riders of the...

Massey-Harris Wheel ARE HAPPY

MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Ltd., TORONTO

THE BARNUMS OF BUSINESS.

A Successful Organization Meeting of the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada was Held Last Week, and now There will be a red-hot Fight Against Dishonesties in Trade.

IN Shaftesbury Hall on Thursday of last week there was laid the corner stone of an organization that can, if it gains the powerful membership that it should easily attain, so purify trade that the departmental stores will no longer find it profitable to josh the public. "Josh the public" is not a very nice phrase, but it describes a very profitable line of business. Shorn of its tricks the departmental stores are no more formidable rivals than other stores controlling large capital. But with every line of goods in stock, they can play tricks that are beyond the reach of single-line merchants. Tricks that are dishonest must be stopped. No man can dispute the justice of that position. And that is the rock bottom on which was laid the foundation of the Retail Merchants' Association last week. The officers elected were: President, ex-Ald. George Boxall, of Toronto; 1st vice-president, Mr. M. F. Keating, of St. Catharines; 2nd vice-president, Mr. Robert A. Robertson, of Hamilton; secretary, Mr. E. M. Trowen, 155 Bay street, Toronto; treasurer, Mr. Alexander Mullin, Toronto.

The following delegates were present from outside towns:

I. B. Bank, Warton.
B. B. Freeman, Warton.
J. J. Carruthers, Warton.
J. F. Kellock, Perth.
H. C. Maddock, Newmarket.
J. W. Guard, St. John's.
F. Linton, Cardinal.
J. F. Clark, Port Hope.
S. Powell, Toronto Junction.
S. Ryder, Toronto Junction.
W. J. McBride, Toronto Junction.
A. Wood, Toronto Junction.
A. K. Switzer, Richmond Hill.
I. Crosby, Richmond Hill.
Reeve P. Savage, Richmond Hill.
N. P. Galbraith, Hamilton.
W. J. Armour, Hamilton.
R. A. Robertson, Hamilton.
Baird Bros., Smith's Falls.
Thomas Babe, Parkdale.
W. C. Dahl, Orangeville.
Jay Chapin, Brighton.
J. L. Johnston, Picton.
Arch. Wilson, St. Catharines.
A. M. Eccleston, St. Catharines.
A. D. Thompson, Georgetown.
Marshall Green, Orangeville.
J. W. Chapman, Orangeville.
John Thompson, Orangeville.
E. A. Jeffrey, Bolton.
F. Timmonds, Alliston.
W. Holden, Stirling.
P. Cameron, Palmerston.
B. Burns, Cherry River.
J. Smith, Woodville.
J. Smith, St. John's.
F. Hargell, Hamilton.

The following towns were also represented, but the delegates failed to register on their arrival:

Barrie
Collingwood
Stratford
Ingersoll
Harriston
Cobourg
Trenton

Letters were received by the secretary from the following gentlemen, concurring in the objects of the convention and assuring it of support: Messrs. T. J. Boyd of Oshawa, W. W. Carter of Deseronto, E. R. Bollert of Guelph, J. T. Middleton, M.P.P., of Hamilton, Irwin Rusk of Southampton, John Blanche of North Bay, B. B. Freeman, Mayor of Warton; J. Switzer of Richmond Hill, Thos. Cross of Madoc, A. D. Thompson of Georgetown, H. Pitt of Cornwall, A. Mitchell of Cayuga, James Clarke of Bolton, Robert Bates of Merrickville, F. J. Ramsey of Dunnville, J. M. Hargreaves of Paisley, W. A. Karn, Mayor of Woodstock, H. W. Lang of Ottawa, J. Geo. Keefe of Norwood, J. Appelbe of Parry Sound, R. T. Morton of Ayr, R. A. Robertson of Hamilton, W. L. Hutchinson and T. G. Watson of Weston, H. Andrews of Millbrook, T. B. Reive and H. Wilson of Markham, John Pearl of Bedford Park, William Wallace of Orangeville, H. P. Moore of Acton, F. N. Leavens of Bolton, A. Cameron of Winchester, Harris & Co. of Watford, Lloyd Aldwell of Meaford, A. P. Tippet & Co. of Montreal, W. A. Brunton of Newmarket, J. F. Kellock of Perth, J. Hord and R. Babb of Mitchell, the Robinson Co. of Napanee, Edward Hawes, secretary, and Mr. Bond, president of the Retail Grocers' Association, and others.

Among the large number of Toronto merchants who were present may be mentioned: Mr. E. M. Morphy, Mr. Geo. S. McConkey, Mr. Blachford, Mr. Stone, Mr. Robert Mills and Mr. B. Chapman.

Rev. R. A. Burriss of Bowmanville in a recent sermon discussed the question of creating and oppressing the poor, and warned Canada that trusts and monopolies should be guarded against. According to the *West Durham News*:

"He spoke of the deleterious effect departmental stores were having upon our own town (Bowmanville) by thoughtless people availing themselves of every excursion to go to Toronto to spend their money there, which rightly belongs here. It is killing every healthy industry in our midst, farms have depreciated in value one-third, and everything else in proportion. It is next to impossible for laboring men to obtain employment. All are interested in filling the coffers of an eastern syndicate. Our merchants rent stores, pay taxes, keep up our schools and churches, and have even been so generous as to supply these very people from their stores when they had no money with which to buy. Then they are so very ungrateful as to spend their cash elsewhere. This, to the speaker's mind, was downright robbery. Our first interest should be our home, and the second the town in which we live and where we get our bread and butter. People who spend their money elsewhere should be sent along with it, for they are more than useless to our town. Many more important facts were uttered by the speaker, but these will suffice to

give a general idea of the trend of his discourse, which seemed to be highly appreciated."

A Toronto lady has sent us a box of Seidlitz powders purchased at a bargain in one of the departmental stores. On the cover of the box are the words: "Genuine, Full-weight Seidlitz Powders." On the bottom of the box the lady has written these words: "Doctor's Report:—These powders are made up of alum and other cheap ingredients not used in proper Seidlitz powders." Our lady correspondent also protests against a printed slip enclosed in the box, advertising a medicine for diseases peculiar to women. As men are buying Seidlitz powders constantly, this slip is offensive. When a person makes such a purchase he should get "real" Seidlitz powders, and to enclose in the purchase such a slip as is referred to is an impertinence and nothing else.

Some Bargains Exposed.

These cases have been exposed: In SATURDAY NIGHT we have shown how

Tables were thrown together to be sold as bargains. Garden and flower seeds, advertised as bargains, were shown to be fakes. While a purchaser apparently secured \$2.10 worth of seeds for 25c. at a departmental store, it was found that the seeds had been specially packed to sell at the price, and one package from the Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Ltd., contained as many seeds as 19½ packages from the departmental store. Instead of a bargain the buyer only got 12c. worth of seed at the highest retail price for 25c.

That another lady who bought flower seeds at another Toronto departmental store—six packages for 10c.—got fewer seeds in all six packages than were contained in one 5c. package afterwards purchased at a grocery store across the street from her own house.

That the spool on which crocheted silk is wound in departmental stores has swelling sides, is shaped like a barrel and deceives the eye.

That spools of common sewing-thread run to wood instead of thread, and that there may be bargains in spools, but none in thread.

That Seidlitz powders bought in the drug branch of a departmental store are reported to us as being found by a doctor to be made of alum, and other ingredients not used in real Seidlitz powders.

That citrate of magnesia, advertised as a bargain at 40 cents per pound, would not fizz when used, and was found to be composed almost entirely of white sugar, pulverized, and worth perhaps five cents a pound.

The *Evening Star* has exposed these devices, to give them no harder name:

That a blood purifier described as worth a dollar per bottle is bargained at 35c. a bottle, but is said to be manufactured specially for bargaining, and, on the report of a chemist, is said to contain only water, some coloring matter and some unknown, bitter ingredient, (not even quinine) and the whole stuff worth only about 5 cents a gallon.

That Berlin wool, supposed to weigh an ounce per skein, only weighs ¾ of an ounce; and that sixteen of them, instead of weighing a pound, only weighed 12 ounces.

That gold watches advertised as bargains at "our very special price, \$39.40, much lower than sold by jewelers," were found to be the very same line as are sold by all the leading jewelers at \$31.50.

That wall-paper represented to be worth \$1 the piece and sold at 50c., was found to be old-style wall-paper that never had been sold at a dollar, but sold three years ago at 50 cents per roll.

That baking-powder, supposed to be sold at a bargain, was found, on the examination of a chemist, to be made of alum, phosphates and ground starch, and therefore is not baking-powder at all, for the real thing is made of pure cream of tartar and carbonate of soda.

That tea sold for 25c. a pound and advertised as worth 40c. (and quoted by many as evidence of the good that departmental stores confer upon the poor) is shown, on examination, to be made by blending the very cheapest of teas with tea-dust, (unsalable in Canada), and the resulting mixture, instead of being worth 40c. as claimed, or worth the 25c. for which it is sold, is worth only from 10 to 12c. per pound, and could be sold at that price by any retail dealer who could find customers for it.

That there was advertised as a Friday bargain, "42-inch diagonal twill serge, regular price 25c., Friday 15c." The very same line of goods was found in a straight dry-goods store selling at 10c. per yard, the regular price every day in the week.

The *Pickering News* exposes the trick of selling pills at a bargain:

A few days ago a resident of this municipality noticed a certain make of pill advertised at 10 cents per box in a Toronto store. As the usual price per box is 25 cents, he thought he would make 60 cents by buying four boxes. In the usual box he counted 100 pills, but in the departmental store boxes there were only 25 pills. In other words he paid 40 cents for what he could have purchased at home for 25 cents. That is but a sample of the bargains people think they get.

The *Hamilton Herald*, which is doing splendid work in the cause of honest trade, has exposed tricks which show that wherever there is a departmental store it follows the tricks of Ketchum, Skinnem & Cookem.

George H. Evans, in a letter to the *Herald*, points out that "strong brass moulding-books" were advertised at a bargain price, but when bought and tested were found to be made of "solid iron, brass plated."

Robert A. Robertson, also writing to the *Herald*, exposes some barefaced tricks in advertising and proceeds to say something of interest to editors and publishers:

This question is of some interest to the public in general, but must be of particular interest



Native—Fine dryin' weather for us, sir!—Pick-Me-Up.

to those who spend their money in advertising. Advertising entirely loses its value when the public cannot accept all statements as made in absolute good faith. Unfortunately, any person who has the money is privileged to make statements in the newspapers which, to put it mildly, are not founded upon fact. Newspapers are subject to libel laws, but apparently any one who has the money can libel legitimate tradesmen without any recourse on the part of the latter. The firm with which I am connected spend a great deal of money in advertising and we feel deeply interested in keeping advertising methods above reproach.

In the *Globe* the other day there appeared a letter addressed to the editor of that paper. It bore the caption "Departmental Stores," was signed "Amey," and dated Toronto, March 24. The communication had evidently been a long time on the stocks. Here is one sentence from the letter.

Now, sir, although there may be many fakirs in Toronto, I am sure the departmental storekeeper is not of that type.

It would have been highly interesting reading had "Amey" followed up that sentence by explaining what he means by the word "fakir." But instead of that he goes on to say:

To the struggling masses the departmental stores are a source of joy. The poor woman procures a pound of tea for twenty-five cents that would cost forty cents in the small store.

The *Evening Star* bought some of that 25 cent tea and had it examined by tea experts, with the result that it is pronounced a mixture of the cheapest of teas and tea-dust, and worth about 10 or 12c. per lb. if sold at the same profit as grocers get on their forty cent tea. The departmental stores, then, have done this for the poor: they have induced the poor to drink poor tea. What a splendid boon! If Mac-Willie Bros., or Barron, or any other grocers cared to handle such tea they could sell it at 15c. per lb. and make as much profit as they now do on their 40c. tea.

The poor sick man who only has five cents looks upon the departmental stores as a boon to humanity, because it enables him to procure a bottle of medicine, manufactured in Holland, which formerly cost fifteen cents in the small store.

I do not know what particular bottle of medicine is here referred to, but the "poor sick man" who buys a box of Seidlitz powders a little cheaper than usual, and, instead of the real thing, gets powders "made of alum and other ingredients not used in real Seidlitz powders," has no reason for calling down blessings on departmental stores as a boon to humanity. If the "poor sick man" needs a blood purifier and gets an alleged dollar bottle of it for 35c., and if it is stuff made specially for bargaining to poor sick men, consisting of "water, coloring material and some bitter ingredient that is not even quinine, and worth about five cents per gallon," as per chemist's analysis, what benefit accrues to the sick man? If he needs a box of pills and the usual price is twenty-five cents and he gets them for ten cents a box, what benefit does he get when the box contains only twenty-five pills instead of one hundred, as boxes of the same make of pills contain when bought at drug stores? If the poor sick man needs citrate of magnesia and gets it for half price, but finds that it won't fizz and is made of pulverized sugar (worth 5c. per pound) with a little of the real thing worked through it, will he have reason to pray night and morning for blessings on the store that sold him the stuff and heartlessly mocked the "poor sick man?"

To talk about shoddy goods being sold in the departmental stores is utterly absurd, because every intelligent person knows that a permanent business could not be conducted in such a slipshod way.

There is nothing slipshod about the way these stores are conducted. There never was such an elaborate system built up since the first store was started on earth. It is not at all certain that they aim to do a permanent business. I am inclined to think that they aim rather to amass great fortunes before the multitude of people discover their methods, realizing that sooner or later the game will be "up." The very size of these stores makes it possible to do things that the small dealer would never venture to do. People think it "utterly absurd" that such immense houses would take time to plan so many tricks, forgetting that "bargains" are the business of such stores and not storekeeping at all. Fifty men in such a store find that their living depends upon their inventiveness rather than upon their knowledge of merchandise. The head of a silk department, for instance, is not required to know anything about silks; but he is required to know how to juggle prices up and down, in and out, and break away from the public with bigger profits than if regular prices had been put on the goods at the outset and never altered. If a small merchant has one hundred customers and plays a few tricks, they talk with each other, and his trade suffers; but if

a store has ten thousand customers and the friendship of the newspapers, what can a customer do who gets the worst of a deal? The fact is that a great big store risks very little when it sells citrate of magnesia of which three parts are composed of sugar. A little store might not make a dollar before being caught; a large store may make five hundred dollars before being caught, and after, for that matter, I refer the interesting correspondent "Amey" and I refer the editor of the *Globe*, who, without any doubt, is quite unaware of the way in which the bargains advertised in his paper are produced, to the list published to-day of Bargains Exposed. Enough is shown to cause editors of reputable papers to at least privately assign reporters to the duty of investigating the character of the businesses referred to. Enough, too, has been shown to warrant the appointment, by the Premier of Ontario, of a Commission to take evidence under oath as to the practices of departmental stores. If they are boons to humanity the sooner the fact is established the better. If they are thimble-riggers disguised as merchants the sooner they are exposed the better for every man, woman and child in the province. If injustice has ever been done these stores by any critic, such a Commission will bring out the true facts.

MACK.

DIAMOND HALL

Fraternity, College and Class Pins

We have the best facilities and make the largest and finest variety of emblems in Canada, including among others:

Varsity
Trinity University
Victoria University
Dental College
Ontario Veterinary College
Ridley College
Toronto Methodist Cycle Union
Women's Auxiliary
Bishop Strachan College
Harbord Collegiate
Muskoka Lakes Association
Upper Canada College
Moulton College
Normal School
Presbyterian Ladies' College
Miss Veale's School
Miss Dupont's School
American Canoe Association
Mendelssohn Choir
Beaumaris
Rosedale Golf Club
Conservatory of Music
Trinity College School
Royal Canadian Yacht Club
Toronto Rowing Club
Phi Delta Phi
Sigma Phi
Zeta Psi
Alpha Delta Phi
Chi Phi

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED
Prices range from 40c to \$10

Ryrie Bros.

Jewelers and Silversmiths

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Toronto Church School and Argonaut Rowing Club have just added to our stock.



Special Exhibit for

TOURISTS

and all who are

Going Abroad This Season

Reversible Traveling Rugs

In the Scottish Clan and Family Names, also in choice mixtures and beautifully toned combinations in Fawns, Navy, Brown and Myrtle Checks, in the following celebrated makes: Westmoreland, Norway, Esthwaite, Granby, St. James, Monsondale, Carradale, Saxony, at \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2, \$1, and 50c each.

Ladies' Wrap Shawls

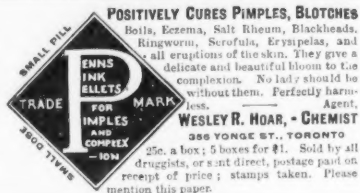
In almost every plain color and combination, from very light to dark. The finest goods made, as well as a choice selection of the less expensive grades, from \$2 to \$22 each. These famous makes represented: Sandringham, Kelvin, Lammernoor, Echill, Dalmeny, Grampian, Korona, Speyside, Braemar, Himalayan, Rishwar, Camels' Hair, Peruvian and many others.

Mail Orders

detailing price, weight and colors desired, will be filled satisfactorily.

John Catto & Son

King Street, opposite the Post Office



Jeffrey's

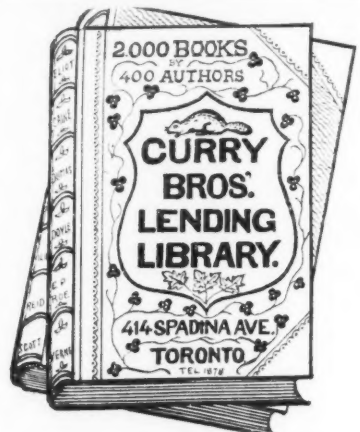
Liquid Rennet

Made from the fresh rennet of the calf. Yields with milk a delicious dessert. The lightest and most grateful diet for invalids and children. This preparation produces a firmer and smoother junket and less whey than any other rennet, essence of rennet or similar preparation on the market. Prepared by

ANDREW JEFFREY
Cor. Yonge and Carlton Streets

SURE CURE FOR Indigestion or Dyspepsia

Price 50c.
J. R. LEE - Chemist and Druggist
Cor. Queen and Seaton Streets and 407 King Street
Phone 384 East, Toronto, Ont. Phone 391



Curry Bros.' Lending Library

Is up to Date. All the Latest Novels. Additions this week: "The Devil Tree of Eldorado," by Frank Aubrey; "A Gallad of the Creeks," by S. Leavitt Yeats; "When I Lived in Bohemia," by Fergus Hume; "A Modern Corsair," by R. H. Savage. Permanent membership 25 cents. American 5 cents each per week. Catalogue Free.

ASPIRANTS



If you really anticipate buying a bicycle, the best advice we can offer is to "Come in and talk it over."

We always feel perfectly willing to give our competitors an opportunity to tell their tale after the customer has seen the Stearns and had its good points explained. Stearns is the vogue.

E. C. STEARNS & CO., MAKERS, TORONTO - ONT.
AMERICAN RATTAN CO., CANADIAN SELLING AGTS., TORONTO. 61
Downtown Salesroom - 177 Yonge Street
Uptown Salesroom - 298 College Street

Just the Thing

We have sent to press and will have ready in a few days a neat little pamphlet entitled:

The Barnums of Business

showing how the Departmental Stores injure Trade, Property and Wages in Toronto and all parts of Canada.

In this neat little pamphlet of 64 pages are contained, in edited and compressed form, the series of articles that has appeared in *TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT* since the campaign began. This pamphlet was prepared at the request of many business men in Toronto and elsewhere, so that our facts and arguments could be available for general distribution in every town and village in the Dominion.

Sample copy mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cents in stamps, and prices quoted for quantities. Address—

The EDITOR, Toronto Saturday Night

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

people a proper realization of the fate of some gallant fellow who died in the first battle of Bull Run and lay, unidentified and unburied, until only his white bones were left. On one occasion I suggested that it is impossible to calculate what effect it might have had upon the history and the literature of the world if there had been a photographer present at Calvary. And now War, that betrayer of peoples, is to sit before the implacable camera. The glamor with which poets and painters have invested it is to be put to a test that will quickly dispel it. The Peace Societies of Europe could do nothing that would so quickly forward their cause as to send photographers to every scene of war. We read that "one thousand men were slain," but that means little to the world. A photograph of the slaughter could not be evaded—it would be unanswerable. Such photographs would pile the dead at the doors of those responsible for the crimes of which humble people are the victims. Sometimes a nation is forced to make war, but usually it is a greater crime than any injury or oppression it undertakes to remedy, and so, hail! to the camera, the truth-teller, the peace-maker!

MACK.



The Late Rev. Richard Harrison, Rector of St. Matthias' Church, Toronto.

Society at the Capital.

IN the last two weeks there have been dinner parties every night, and many seats on both sides of the House have been vacant until 11 o'clock. The Speaker and Mrs. Edgar gave a very successful dinner a few nights ago in the handsome dining-room which forms part of the suite of rooms allotted to the Speaker of the House of Commons. The guests present on this occasion were: Hon. Wilfrid and Madame Laurier, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Mr. Crawford, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dobell, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne, Sir Henri Jolly de Lotbiniere and Lady de Lotbiniere, Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Hon. Mr. Mulock, Sir Charles and Lady Tupper, Hon. Mr. and Madame Tarte, Hon. Speaker and Madame Pelletier, Mrs. Wilson of St. Thomas. About 11 o'clock, after the Members had resumed their duties in the House, the ladies adjourned to the Speaker's gallery, which looked very bright and gay with the exquisite gowns and jewels of the women who occupied it.

Monsignore Merry Del Val is being feted here, many luncheons and dinners being given in his honor. He is an agreeable man to meet socially, speaking all the modern languages and having a courteous and polished manner—that of a man of the world as well as a priest. He is the despair of newspaper reporters, as, though he receives them kindly and talks a great deal, he says absolutely nothing, and they find on taking leave that they have told all they know, while the genial delegate from the Vatican has told them absolutely nothing.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobell are entertaining a great deal—two or three dinner parties every week and luncheons and teas. Mrs. W. Macpherson of Quebec is at present their guest and is warmly welcomed by a number of old friends in Ottawa.

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Scott gave a large dinner party on Thursday evening. Their married daughter, Mrs. Everard Fletcher of British Columbia, is spending the winter with them.

Mrs. Holland of Parkdale, Toronto, has been in town for the last two weeks.

Ottawa's loss is Toronto's gain, as Mrs. Wilson, wife of Mr. Wilson of St. Thomas, who has been spending the last four months with the Premier and Madame Laurier, has gone to Toronto on a visit to Mrs. Willison. Mrs. Wilson is equally popular with Tories and Liberals, as she was last winter the guest of Sir Mackenzie Bowell and his daughter, Mrs. McCarthy of Belleville.

The first vice-regal dance was given on Tuesday evening between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock, and two other similar at Homes are to follow during the month. These parties are short and sweet, as few arrive before ten o'clock, and to avoid hearing the National Anthem it is wise to say good-night before twelve o'clock. They are the more enjoyable for this fact, as the men have no time to get tired and support the doors, as they do at other dances, and the wall-flowers have a shorter time of martyrdom than usual. Talking of wall-flowers, it is said that now in New York floor-walkers are hired for the evening to spur on and urge the tired-out dancing men and to try to secure partners for the girls who are neglected. Lady Aberdeen stood in the ante-room the greater part of the evening, welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guests, and with her always stood a Cabinet Minister, judge, or some other dignitary, as well as Monsignore Merry del Val, who graced the At Home with his presence, clad in royal purple. Lady Aberdeen wore a gown of mauve satin trimmed with chiffon of the same shade, lace and violets. Her ornaments were rubies and diamonds. Madame Laurier wore a heliotrope gown trimmed with lace and some lovely roses. Mrs. Hetherington of Toronto, who is

spending the winter in Ottawa, was gowned in white satin trimmed with pearl passementerie and point lace, and wore some lovely diamond ornaments. Mrs. MacLennan of Toronto wore a green silk gown trimmed with lace, and gold ornaments. Mrs. Hugh Sutherland, who is one of the prettiest married women who visits the Capital, looked particularly well gowned in broadcote silk trimmed with chiffon and pearls, and wore some lovely diamond ornaments.

There have been two subjects of conversation during the last week, one the new way of arranging the dinner tables at Government House, by five small tables holding twenty at each instead of one large one in the shape of a T. Much dissatisfaction was felt, as it appears everyone wants to be among the twenty who sit at the Vice-Regal table. That everyone cannot be obvious, and the merry parties well arranged at the other tables had what the Yankees called a "good time." As long as they were "below the salt" they did not like it. A Macdonald of the Isles once said that "wherever a Macdonald sat the salt was always lower down." The other topic of conversation has been the arrival of a charming bride who is in her teens, Mrs. Taschereau, wife of Mr. Justice Taschereau of the Supreme Court. Madame Taschereau was at Government House on Tuesday evening gowned in white *moire* trimmed with chiffon and white lace, and wore some lovely diamond ornaments.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's first reception since that murky day last year when she bade good-bye to many anxious friends and went to England to be with His Honor during his illness, was as bright and happy as it could be, considering that there was always *une arriere pensee* of condolence for the invalid mixed with the warm pleasure of seeing him home again. The Governor was there, though many of us were as much surprised as charmed to see him, and had his well known kindly greeting to each and all. Mrs. Kirkpatrick stood beside his chair in the second drawing-room, and the two sons of the house, Capt. Arthur and Mr. Guy Kirkpatrick, with Miss Kirkpatrick, and that sweet new member of the family group, Miss Memie Homer Dixon, had their hands full looking after the large crowd of callers. Commander Law was, as usual, a host in himself. The brilliant party included most of the prominent people and some charming birds of passage, glad to have the opportunity of paying their respects to His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Miss Hargrove of London, a sister of that fascinating speaker, President Hargrove of the Theosophical Society, was one of these.

The latest bicycle club is the Maplehorn, which has been formed under the direction of Mr. Lorne Cosby, and of which the following young people are either elected or prospective members: Misses Evelyn Cox, Marion Barker, Aileen Gooderham, Violet Gooderham, Ellie Phillips, Annie Michie, Mary Elwood, Kate Crawford, Jean Smith, Alice Stewart, Agnes Drynan, Messrs. Lorne Cosby, Percy Maule, Ed. Staunton, A. Burritt, Harold Brooke, T. Burnside, Alf. Rogers, Harry Kingston, Charlie Michie, Rien Wadsworth, Temple McMurich, Kavanagh and Fitzgibbon. I don't know what connoisseur in beauty put up the ladies' names for membership, but I question if eleven prettier young girls could be found in Canada, and the Club bids fair to be known as *un beau cercle* indeed! Wednesday afternoon the first run was made to High Park, with afternoon tea at Maplehorn afterwards. Mid-week runs will be held during the season and each young lady in turn will provide an afternoon tea for the Club.

The final meeting for this season of the West End Whist Club was held at the residence of Mrs. A. E. Kemp, 119 Wellesley crescent, on Thursday evening of last week, and a most enjoyable time was spent by all. Supper was served at midnight in the spacious dining-room, after which speeches were made by President Horning, Messrs. Thomas Reid, Kerr and others. The ladies' prizes, first and second, were won by Miss Dunn and Mrs. Frank Yeigh, and the two lucky gentlemen were Professor Horning and Mr. Kerr. Among the members present were: Mr. and Mrs. Levan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reid, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Bastedo, Mrs. Matthews, Miss Dunn, Messrs. Harry McMillan, Hodge, G. B. Smith, Horning and Adam Ballantyne.

The Victoria Dramatic Club has kindly consented to give their new comedy, *First Aid to the Injured*, in St. Luke's school-house on Monday and Tuesday evening, May 10 and 11, for the benefit of the Organ Fund of St. Luke's church. The well known ability of those taking part in the performance will be a sufficient guarantee of the success of the entertainment. In addition to the comedy there will be a musical cinematograph, tableaux and recitations by well known society people.

Lieut. D. Dow of H. M. S. Porpoise is visiting his brother, corner St. Patrick street and Augusta avenue.

Messrs. Ross Bremner and Harry McFadyen have left for San Jose, California, for their health.

Mr. Geo. H. Worthington of Cleveland spent a few days last week with his mother, Mrs. John Worthington of St. George street.

The annual games at Upper Canada College will take place on Friday, May 14.

The annual picnic in aid of the House of Providence will be held as usual on the grounds of that institution, Power street, on the Queen's Birthday. It is always a pleasant affair.

Mr. Vaux Chadwick has just returned from a month's visit in New York.

Miss Hargrove is the guest of Mrs. James Carruthers.

Mrs. Alfred D. Benjamin of 377 Sherbourne street, and three children, sailed Wednesday on the *Majestic* to spend the summer in Europe. She is accompanied by Lieut. F. D. Benjamin, who is about to assume the bonds of Hymen.

On his return with his lady fair, (a sister of Mrs. A. D. Benjamin), he will occupy the handsome Goulding residence, 341 Jarvis street. The inexorable exigencies of business keep Mr. A. D. Benjamin here and prevent him from constituting one of the happy party.

The Victoria Dramatic Club, realizing that the public can have too much of a good thing, have decided to put off their annual performance until the autumn, owing to the number of amateur performances being given this spring.

Miss Carroll of Wellington street gave a most enjoyable evening on Tuesday. Among the invited guests were: Misses Queenie Christie, Flossie Foley, Addie Smyth, Etta Burkholder, Eva Lavell, Frances Verrall, Stella Shields, S. Wiley, Lillian Burton, Prof. Bohner, Messrs. Reginald Leadley, A. L. E. Davies, Owen Smiley, Harry M. Bennett, J. Bowman, W. Graham, Frank Burton, W. Wales, and Robert English. An excellent programme was given and dancing continued till the wee hours.

The Paris Patent Face Steamer Co., limited, have opened parlors in King street over the Bassinette, and make a strong bid for fashionable patronage. Steaming undoubtedly clears the skin and improves the tint and, unless over-indulged in, is beneficial.

Several parties arrived for the Horse Show from the States in those palatial and exclusive conveyances known as private cars. The Algers from Detroit, the Worthingtons and Colonel McDoel of Chicago, and one or two others were welcome guests in various smart houses during the three gala days.

Hotel suppers, so perfectly the thing after the Gotham Horse Show, have not yet struck Toronto. Naturally, when the private entrance to one of our large hotels is locked at ten o'clock, and such little hints given that Toronto sleeps almost at curfew bell toll, one does not expect the comfortable hotel supper as a matter of course. The Waldorf is only a lovely memory. But there were suppers many, both large and small, in private houses, especially on Saturday evening, when, through a deluge of rain, people scamped for cabs, or carriages, or cars. Chudleigh led off with the largest party, and the Master was, as usual, a perfect host. A lot of the most prominent visitors and a number of leading social lights in Toronto were admirably entertained by Mr. Beardmore.

A good little woman, if more than a trifle eccentric, is Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who has been mildly gayed by the papers on her departure to nurse the Cretons. Mrs. Chant achieved a world-wide notoriety as the crusading-in-chief against the Empire and lesser music halls in London. She is a little woman with piercing dark eyes, and a sort of nervous perpetual motion about her, and she was one of the most exasperating speakers I ever listened to. If I were a Creton (and we all know what the Holy Book says Cretons are like), I'd sit down upon Mrs. Ormiston Chant pretty promptly. However, one never knows by the look of a frog how far he can jump, and certainly capital nurses are sometimes evolved from the most unpromising material. I am sternly trying to induce myself to consider Mrs. Ormiston Chant as a nurse, but—the spirit isn't willing.

A prettily-gowned party at the Horse Show came from Erneleigh. Mrs. Herbert Mason looked particularly well. That perfect type of *Anglaise*, Mrs. Frank Arnold, also looked well. The little bird wanted to know who was the lady in the evening gown, hastily and discreetly covered up in a wrap; and who was the lady who elected to go bonnetless, the only uncovered female head in thousands?

From what I hear I expect the entertainment to be given next Monday and Tuesday evenings in St. Luke's school-house will be very enjoyable and full of interest. The young people of the congregation are getting it up, and I am told one of the clever Misses Fitzgerald of Bloor street has been rehearsing a number of charming people in something which will be entirely new to Toronto amusement-lovers.

If you want to be transported to "where the sweet magnolia blossoms" without going to Florida, just take a walk or a spin along College street. There is a tree laden with beautiful flowers in full bloom just east of Grace Hospital.

Miss McVity of Murray street gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Friday evening, April 23. Among those present were: The Misses Hedley, Miss Orchard, Miss Strange and Miss Cross of St. Catharines, Messrs. Minty, Morgan, Jellet and Mucklestone. The prize winners were: Miss Strange, Miss Cross, Mr. Denny and Mr. Jellet.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook of Montreal were amongst the visitors at the Horse Show, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Cook of Englefield while in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Cook left for home last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Piper have gone to reside at the Avonmore, 276 Jarvis street.

Mrs. D. A. Radcliffe of Aurora, who has recently undergone an operation in St. John's Hospital, is progressing favorably towards recovery.

Miss Burns of 222 Simcoe street is traveling with her father and brother in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Rose have removed from Spadina avenue to 15 Elgin avenue, where Mrs. Rose will be at home on the second and third Friday in the month. Mrs. Rose has her mother, Mrs. M. C. Massey, visiting her at present.

Miss Edith Glass, who came down at Easter to visit her cousin, Miss Marion Barker of Beverley street, returns to Chatham next week, having had a very jolly time in Toronto.

Miss Beatrix Hamilton's debut on Monday evening next is an occasion of interest to many. Sweetly pretty and clever as she is, Miss Hamilton should capture her audience from the first moment. Association Hall will doubtless be crowded for this concert recital.

Mrs. Edward Jones of Church street gave a small dinner on Tuesday evening.



THE HORSE SHOW

Last week's great society rendezvous, the Horse Show in the Armouries, was the third annual event of the sort at which Toronto social circles in various grades have foregathered, and it rather struck me as the most successful of the three in many ways. A few new features marked this event, in themselves a credit to ingenuity, in this age when there is emphatically little new under the sun, or moon either. The show progressed under two Administrations, the Premier of Ontario and his lady, with the acting Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Casimir Gzowski, and Lady Gzowski being its chief patrons on Thursday, opening day, and Friday, and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor attending the Saturday matinee, when, as I remarked would probably be the case, the enthusiasm of his welcome was stupendous, and the Government House box was like a special counter on bargain day, until it was necessary to murmur the suggestion, "Get into line," that the dear traveler and his radiant lady might be thoroughly shaken and congratulated and said sweet things to. His Honor's pluck and kindness are beyond all praise, and the effort which he so gallantly made to face such a trying crowd of cheering enthusiasts shows what an Irishman is equal to when his mettle is up. Mrs. Kirkpatrick in a rich black gown, all velvet and lace and twinkling jet, and a touch of crimson, with a big black hat, was Our Lady of the Roses, queen lady of queen flowers. Lovely pink and cream half-opened buds were in the great bouquet presented to her by the rulers of the Show, and lovelier and more welcome than all, after months of absence, was the smiling face of the fair recipient. Her little brown-eyed son, Eric, looking much as though the devoted care of his sister had agreed well with him, was perched, boy fashion, on a corner of the loge, at his mother's elbow, and for twenty minutes or so it was Government House show, and not a thought for the horses, with everyone in the vicinity. Not to say that the Horse Show wasn't tip-top this year, for that is what it was; people fairly falling over each other entering for prizes in saddle horses. Never have so many good beasts shied at the audience and danced at the band's unmerciful tootings. That band, or as a Teuton would say, "dorse bands," should have some regard for the nervous system of poor humanity, not to mention high-strung, thoroughbred horses. Once in a while, kind thoughts would come to them, especially to the stunning gentlemen in the plaid "trews," and they would ease up a bit on the unmerciful racket. Then music had charms, and one need not shout compliments or enquiries to one's next-box neighbor through a speaking-trumpet. As to the bands themselves, they are boxed up in a most ridiculously uncomfortable little den, over which a young person has a flat all to himself to display the numbers of the winners, when he takes time to get them sorted up before the next event. There needs some reform in both the bandstand and the system of announcing the prize-winners, the former being a sort of sounding cave, in which no musician can tell what he is making in tone or volume; and the latter, well, you saw how contrived it was. The horses were fine, in some classes extra ride, and the hippodrome features, the ladies' ride, the hunt club parade, and the Dragoons' musical evolutions were the very things we most adore, for there isn't in the wide world a city in which are persons so pleased to show off before their friends, nor friends so charmed to watch the various show-offs so kindly provided. In less loyal towns, society men and women, at all events, would expect a mild amount of guying if they cantered and trotted, leaped baby-hurdles and curbed cranky steeds for twenty minutes to band music; but we are nothing if not proud of our own in the good city of Toronto, and never a word but praise and pleasure was wafted from the sacred enclosures of the boxes as the ladies' ride went gracefully on. Was it a new-woman impulse which so christened it, or did the gallant military voluntarily renounce all their share of the affair? The participants were originally: Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Beardmore, Miss Cawthra, Miss James, Col. Otter, Major Lessard and Capts. Forrester and Pearse. Fate, in the shape of a marching order, sent the last-named gentleman to London, and his place was taken by Lieut. George Peters of the Governor-General's Body Guard. Then Miss Cawthra, having ridden most perfectly on opening day, gave up her place to bonny Miss Maude Hendrie of Hamilton, and Col. Otter vacated his place, which was filled by Mr. Sweny of Robahall, who did very well, but not so well as the neat rider who rules quarters out at Stanley Barracks. As to the riding, I don't think anyone

WM. STITT & CO.
Ladies' Costumiers

Special importations for May Races in the latest novelties in...

Fancy Dress Goods
(Separate Dresses Only)

Place your order early to ensure prompt delivery.

We are showing on May 13th and following days some lovely...

Paris, London and New York
Pattern Hats and Bonnets

Paris Kid Glove Store

11 & 13 King Street East, Toronto
Tel. 888

Don't use

Broken
Dishes

in an otherwise respectable summer cottage.

We have a pretty dark blue

Delft
Dinner Set

FOR

\$5.00

Also hundreds of others, but this is special.

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

Blouse Sets
and Belt
Buckles

Sign of the Big Street Clock.

in sterling silver, perfectly plain, handsomely engraved and richly enameled in all the latest up-to-date colors. The styles are selected especially for our trade, and are not duplicated in cheap wares.

Blouse Sets range from35
Belt Buckles range from 1.00

144 YONGE STREET
2nd door north of
Temperance St.

KENTS'
The Leading
JEWELERS and
SILVERSMITHS

When
You Want Flowers

whether it be for a bride's bouquet, a dinner party, or to wear in your buttonhole—you are sure of the freshest and choicest, at prices to please you, if you order from...

Dunlop's

Choose from our descriptive price list if you cannot call. Satisfaction guaranteed.

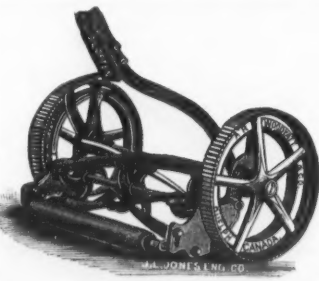
5 King Street West, 'Phone 1424
445 Yonge Street, 'Phone 4192

...LAWN...

Mowers, Rollers, Hose
Tools of All Kinds

Rice Lewis & Son
(LIMITED)

Cor. King and Victoria Streets - - TORONTO



disputed the supremacy of the little lady from Benvenuto. Miss Louie Jones and Bimba went as one being and were a pretty sight to see sailing over that soft little baby-jump of cedars. On Friday evening the Master of the Hounds presented the clever quartette of lady-riders with elegant hunting-crops, headed in silver, and we all cheered the act. The music was provided for opening day by the Queen's Own Band; on Friday, by the Grenadiers, and on Saturday by the 48th Highlanders. Mr. Slatter had the pleasant task of welcoming the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick with God Save the Queen, after making a handsome picture of himself for ages, watching for the correct second when they came under the door-arch to set his men a-going. I mention this, as several of the papers insisted that the Grenadier Band had this honor, misled no doubt by the red jackets of the Scotch bandmen.

On the opening day the Premier, whom everyone admires, made a very smart little address, declaring the Horse Show open. It contrasted so well with the Aberdeen eloquence, of which I only remember mountains of taffy to Lady Aberdeen, and which we all know by heart. The crowd was fair for a matinee, and a few smart gowns were worn. Lady Gzowski wore, as usual, a rich and unobtrusive gown of heliotrope and black. Mrs. Hardy was in sienna brown, with a charming flower bonnet of yellow roses. Miss Kirkpatrick looked very well in a black and white plaid and a pretty hat. A bright smile, that told of her happiness in her father's return, met all congratulations and enquiries on his account. Many of the usual box-holders were absent, from sad events necessitating recent mourning, or because they were far away from Toronto. Mrs. Kerr Osborne's brilliant beauty did not grace a loge as usual, and whole families and connections far and near were kept at home by Mrs. Lee's death. A contingent from London, from Woodstock, of course including Judge Finkle, (who laughingly corroborated my remark that nothing less than a stroke of lightning would keep him away), Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Brockville, the lady the smartest of the smart, in a shepherd's plaid braided gown. The whole Hendrie family, large-hearted and horse-lovers every one of them, filled a prominent box. Mrs. Hendrie made her first attendance at our Horse Show, having missed both the others through travel or illness, and was as welcome as she always is and deserves to be. Perhaps the sweetest thing in costume, frock, hat and wearer, was Mrs. Riddell of St. George street, all gray and shimmer and soft satin and cuddling with plumes, and a fair, pleasant, smiling face alight with fun and interest. Another fancy of this pretty lady was a black frock with a fluffy, frilly collar of royal purple ribbons and pleated chiffon, and a tiny bonnet of violets. One crimson rose on an immense long stem, which she gave with a pretty word to *la fiancee*, Miss Maude Beatty, on Saturday evening, put a finishing touch to an elegant costume. One can scarcely imagine Mrs. Riddell apart from her pet flowers; no home is so prodigally full of them as is hers. Miss McGivern was another welcome visitor Hamilton lent us, and Mrs. McLaren of Perth occupied a box "on the line," where she and her piquante friend, Mrs. George Ritchie, were recipients of greetings and compliments galore. Miss Gladys White from far Quebec looked prettier each night. Mrs. Casgrain of Windsor was also in a front box, and was very daintily gowned in black satin-striped grenadine over rose-colored silk. Many of the ladies who had worn quiet frocks in the afternoon faced the shaded electric light in various delicate silks and chiffons. Mrs. Fraser Macdonald was sweetly pretty in canary and black. Mrs. Macdonald of New York wore pale green with transparent green puffs held by narrow bands of dark green velvet. Mrs. Henry of Brantford wore black and a fetching poke wreathed with yellow roses. Mrs. Henry was a guest at Lawheaden and occupied a place in the Melvin-Jones box, where Miss Melvin-Jones wore that lovely frock of biscuit canvas and broadened vest, with a lilac-crowned hat and most becoming neck trimmings in lavender and pale rose. Never has this young lady worn a more becoming gown. A good many people were in black, lightened by divers devices of flowers, spangles, jets, and so on. Some very pretty grass linen gowns over various bright silks were evidence of the charm of the *demier cri* this season. Miss Seymour's green and white hat was distinctly smart; so was Mrs. Macrae's buff hat with cornflower blue trimmings. Mrs. Wolf Thomas wore a dainty black and white frock, Frenchy and smart. Mrs. James Carruthers, who had always a merry lot of young people in her box, wore an English costume of dull blue, beautifully braided in black and white, and on closing night a smart Paris gown of coral pink flecked with salmon and trimmed with rare lace. Miss Rogers and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. George Baird and Miss Worden were of her box parties. The scarlet hunting-coat in which this lady rode to win on Dalmeny, on Thursday evening, is a most smart and picturesque little garment. The Armouries were decorated in a most *bizarre* manner—advertisements of the O. J. C. races and the great and only Fall Fair stared the box-holders in the face (why didn't we have a lot of those killing posters somewhere?); the electric lights were shaded in rose, white, and a most unearthly purple, and all the extra ones went out with delightful unanimity at intervals, beaming out again like peck-a-boos just when everyone was locating the exit. The musical ride by the Dragoons, all brave in scarlet coats, infinitesimal forage caps; and tall, pennoned lances, was a great improvement on anything we've had here, being a perfect reproduction of the Islington tournament movements. Sergeant-Major Dingley and his *vis-a-vis* (I can never remember that trooper's name for five minutes) are a knowing pair, and their horses the finest and most intelligent animals you can imagine; in and out, to and fro, they trotted and cantered; in the beautiful movement called "passaging" their slim, neat forelegs crossed like a court gallant's in a minuet. The pick of the troopers, for looks, is handsome young Lamonte, from Quebec, a perfect athlete, and one of those chosen to go to England. I was told. If the rest are as good I don't think the Queen will ever let them come back. The Judge's stand was at times the target for

If They're Nasmith's They're Pure

Nasmith's Chocolate Bon-Bons

We will forward on receipt of price.

1 lb. Box, 55 Cents	3 lb. Box, \$1.50
2 lb. Box, \$1.05	5 lb. Box, \$2.30

Delivered free to any part of Canada.

The NASMITH CO., Ltd.

51 King Street East, 470 Spadina Avenue
Toronto.

**NEITHER
The War
BETWEEN
Turkey & Greece
OR THE
New Tariff**

will affect the price of cameras or any other photographic good; in fact they are cheaper and better than ever.

PREMO V., \$5.00
FALCON, \$5 BROWNIE, \$5
POCKET, KODAK, \$5
and numerous others at prices up to \$123.

MULHOLLAND & CO., 159 Bay St.

GEO. W. COOLEY
WINES AND SPIRITS
Jockey Club Cocktails
Clarets, Burgundies
Ports, Sherries, &c.

567 Yonge Street Telephone 3089

June Weddings

How about the Invitations or Announcements? If the wedding is to be in June, it is time they were in hand now.

See our samples before you decide about it. We will send to any address on application.

BAIN BOOK CO.
53 King East, Toronto.

Accordion, Knife and "Sun" Plaiting

Pattern for the new "Sun Skirt" free. Special prompt attention given to out-of-town orders. Send for circular.

STACKHOUSE, 124 King Street West

EASTER EGGS

In Chocolate, Nougat Sugar, Etc.

Suitable for Easter gifts, artistically finished. Ranging in price from 10c. up.

GEO. S. McCONKEY
27 & 29 King Street West

many opera-glasses, (one cannot look forever at horses!) There did suave Sir Adolphe Caron sport his monocle and wear a blushing red rose in his coat. Now and then an invasion of winter overcoats and extraordinary hats was the signal for a parade of wonderful creatures on all fours with "fringes around their ankles," as a lady described the Clydesdales, and many yards of red and blue baby ribbon woven in their plentiful manes and gaily perched upon their wee fat tails, to be judged by "them as knows" in the overcoats and antique hats; three or four smart men in evening dress, trim D'Alton McCarthy, bland George Beardmore, clever-faced Edmund Bristol, long and limber Hendrie of Hamilton, frisked in occasionally. The judges had no sport, I am sure, but hard work, especially when that giddy equine cleaned out the whole batch and made even the Great Dingley cut a caper and sprint for his life. Then did the grooms clap and cheer, and the galleries roar, and the sedate box-holders laugh till they cried. The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo wasn't a circumstance to the "Gee" that broke up the judges. The jumping contests awakened the usual excitement and fun, when little boy Davies had to soundly spank his wee pony to make it jump when it didn't want to; a gasp and a groan when down went a horse and rider over the second hurdle, and a long sigh of relief when no one was hurt; roars of laughter at the shying horse; cheers for the bulky brute; clapping for the long-legged policeman Phillips, as he cleverly lifted The Maid over jump after jump; many a load

of chaff for the Hunt when some of the nags refused the baby-jump of cedars; wild hurrahs for the Fire Brigade, and encomiums for the Mounted Police. (These are our peculiar features, among others, of a Horse Show). But the grandeur and the magnificence of everything else paled before the *entre* of the eubs, the very sight of which made one quite ready to start off for a wedding tour. There were Jehus, stiff and starched, and footmen with dogskin-covered hands spread out like hams on either supporting arms; and if a certain footman forgot himself enough to answer, "Hould yer jaw," to a lot of teasing grooms, sure it was away off by the band-stand and neither judges nor quality could hear him. The private carriages were very swell, and while Adam Beck, the good-natured Londoner and thorough good fellow, took the prize from our own G. A. Case for driving, Toronto men, A. E. Gooderham and Gooderham of Waveney, took first and third for stylish turnouts. A white-faced saddle horse named Blaze cut up some antics, and Dr. Dave Smith had a time with his mount once or twice; and the leader who turned like Balaam's ass and talked back to his driver, and wrapped the traces around his legs, and whispered to the wheeler just to rear once, to oblige the company (you could almost hear him in the boxes), and the cunning of Beck with a tandem, and the science of G. A. Stinson, with the same, and the performances of the Beardmore pair, full of devilment to feel the hand of their old master, up for the occasion from Montreal, are not they all written in the chronicles of the most successful Horse Show of the year of grace, 1897? One little word, in recognition of the unvarying courtesy and kindness of Mr. Stewart Houston, I must speak just here. No doubt other press representatives will echo the remark, for to them he has also been most considerate; but SATURDAY NIGHT returns very warm thanks for his courtesy and thoughtfulness, and wishes him the gratitude and success he deserves.

On Friday evening Mr. George Stinson, whose box was always the rendezvous of a smart party, had Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cawthra and the Misses Harman Brown as his guests. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Mullens, Mrs. Macrae, Mrs. McKinnon and Mrs. Thomas were in this box. On closing night the secretary had a box party, including Mrs. FitzGibbon in a lovely white frock and large hat; Mrs. Lally McCarthy and Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson. One of the handsome groups was in Mrs. Albert Gooderham's box, Miss Aileen looking sweet in a dove-gray frock touched with deep rose, and a hat crowned with the most natural of primulas. A reporter has put Mrs. James Crowther's hat and gown on Mrs. W. Crowther, which latter gentle dame was, of course, not at the Show at all. A sweet, fair visitor was Miss Benson of Port Hope, who was in a front box with Miss Porter and Mrs. Charles O'Reilly. The Q.O.R. box held Major and Mrs. Delamere, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere and Miss Eva Delamere, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon and Mrs. Fred Cox, all as smart as could be, were in another front box. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor and a very pretty young guest were a stylish trio in a good box. Misses Jennie and Phemie Smith had always a *coterie* of young friends in the family box. Mr. and Mrs. Jones also had friends from time to time, and I saw a family party from Glenedyth in the front chairs on Friday evening. Mrs. Forester was there, handsomely gowned, to see her natty husband ride; one could not blame her if she looked at no one else. On opening day Mrs. Gibson sat with Mrs. Hardy, Miss Malloch of Hamilton being of the party; on Saturday evening Mrs. Cattannach, in a very pretty flower bonnet and light gown, was the guest of the Premier's wife. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross had a box party, or were, rather, guests of Mr. John Small, having with them their charming niece, Miss Perry, and Miss Cattannach.

The Leading Dermatologist

In the United States says she does not approve of face steaming. **Nor do we.** She says, "Steam has a tendency to relax, therefore making the muscles soft, the skin gets loose the flesh flabby and the pores coarse." Take a

HYDRO-VACUUM TREATMENT

with massage and note the difference. Our treatments and preparations are guaranteed to cure the worst skin troubles. Have you Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Fleshworms, etc? **Princess Acneoline** will cure you—price \$1.50. In connection with **Dermos-Vaseline** (\$1.00) an excellent skin and nerve tonic, it has cured cases which baffled the best physicians and dermatologists of England and America.

Superficial Hair, Moles, etc., removed forever by Electrolysis.

Consultation free, at office or by letter. Send for book, "Health and Good Looks."

GRAHAM DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
Tel. 1838. 41 Carlton Street, Toronto

BALM OF BEAUTY FOR THE COMPLEXION

POSITIVELY REMOVES
Freckles, Sunburn, Pimples, Tan, Moth and Blackheads, leaving the skin clear and peach-like. Fifty cents per bottle (mail).

LOUIS DE FRENCH, St. Catharines, Ont.

THE AGE OF THE SPECIALIST

NOTWITHSTANDING the prevailing craze for cheapness, the present age is more than ever the age of the *specialist*. To be successful, the professional man, the business man, or the mechanic, must know his calling thoroughly. This applies particularly to good tailoring.

The really first-class tailor buys the very best goods, in the best and latest styles, irrespective of cost.

He pays the highest wages to his workmen, whom he has had thoroughly trained.

When he advertises, it is simply an announcement of the arrival of new goods or his card. He never resorts to the *departmental store* style of advertising, of quoting prices.

He does not rely on low prices, but on the quality, finish and fit of his clothes to bring him custom.

He generally gives to customers who pay cash a liberal discount—sometimes as much as ten per cent. This more than covers any losses that may occur through bad debts.

There are several really good tailors in Toronto who, like their confreres in the large cities, conduct their business on these lines. They can always be relied on, and their goods, in the end, are the cheapest.

Look Here, Ladies



BY THE SMELL



You will discover that the best soap has as pleasant an odor as the finest perfume. If cleanliness is akin to goodness, is it surprising that the best people use the best soap? **CASTILE SOAP** (genuine imported), Green, Mottled and White; Kimmel's Toilet Soap, Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet, 15c.

"For dirty hands there's always hope. When so cheaply sold is toilet soap."

HOOPER & CO.
Telephone 536 43 & 45 King St. West

To the best materials that money can buy we add the skill and thought of experienced workmen. The result is

Webb's Wedding Cakes

unequaled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed. Our new catalogue gives full particulars and is mailed free to those who mention this paper.

The HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
447 Yonge Street

Head Coverings

Natural Curl and Wave
In all the Latest Styles.



THE PRINCESS LOUISE BANG

Our latest invention, entirely new design, especially adapted for cycling, as nice and natural as life. Prices \$5, \$4 and \$3. Natural Curly Puffs and Curls, as worn in London and Paris, in great variety. Prices to suit the times. Our Hair Dressing Rooms are the most complete in Canada, all on ground floor, and our staff are complete in every respect.

Note the address—
W. T. PEMBER
127, 129 and 131 Yonge Street
Phone 2275 North Phone 3553

THE MOST ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT, & PORTABLE FORM OF SOUP

LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES

(MULLIGATAWNY, GRAVY, JULIENNE, ETC.)

FOR MAKING FRESH SOUP OR IMPROVING HOME MADE STOCK. EACH SQUARE WILL PRODUCE

1 1/2 PINTS OF STRONG NUTRITIOUS SOUP

Prepared by
E. LAZENBY & SON LTD. 18 Trinity St. LONDON SE

ARMIDA'S GIRDLE



that made people love her when she wore it, was scarcely more successful than this

Peerless Corset

For everybody loves a Stylish, Graceful Figure, and grace and style are ensured to its wearer.

See that your new costumes are steered with the

Standard Dress Bone

The Crompton Corset Co.
TORONTO

ARMAND'S HAIR GOODS



are always in the lead and up to date. They cannot be surpassed in fine finish and texture.

See our light-summer bangs. Ladies, give your hair a rest from the continual curling, save your own hair and wear one of Armand's

Natural Curly Bangs and Fringes

Our Ladies' Bicycle Bangs and Fringes

are the most convenient article a lady cyclist could have. They are made specially for that purpose; we sell dozens of them. We are the originators of the Bicycle Bangs.

Armand's Fine Hair Switches

are always in demand. They are free from mixtures and imported artificial hair.


Our prices are more than reasonable, comparing quality and prices with other goods.

Armand's Ladies and Children's Hair Dressing Parlors are not only the best appointed parlors in every respect in Toronto, but our patrons receive also the most experience and best attention. Hair trimmed, singed and shampooed. Hair fashionably dressed for parties, concerts, weddings, photos, etc.

Telephone 2498

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE
441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ont.

Cook's Turkish Baths



Are the finest in Canada, having all the latest appliances, and perfect in its appointments. The sleeping accommodation for the night bathers is the finest on this continent. Thoroughly experienced attendants for ladies and gentlemen. Masseur, Masseuse and Chiropodist always in attendance.

204 King St. West
Phone 1986

T. T. COOK, Prop.
Late Prop. Montreal Turkish Baths.

1000 Ladies in Toronto

Have used Trycophana and testify to its worth. For the falling out of hair and the production of a new growth it is absolutely the only certain remedy. Heads examined free of charge.

TOL. FROM GREENS, 211 Yonge Street

RESTAURANT AND Catering Establishment

Leader Lane & Wellington St.
Leading Caterers

For estimates and prices apply to
ALBERT WILLIAMS, Proprietor

Molly Terry's Easter Wedding;

OR, OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

Copyright, 1897, by Amelia E. Barr.

BY AMELIA E. BARR, Author of "A Bow of Orange Ribbon."

HOWEVER much for ordinary mortals the earth revolves in void, for lovers, at least, it is generally supposed to revolve in Heaven. Certainly, at Santa Lucia, one April evening in 1897, any reasonable lovers might have supposed so. But here were two who did not seem in celestial moods, though the garden was white with orange blossoms, and the young April moon was shining tenderly, and the mocking-birds pouring their souls in melody through all the warm, scented air.

Such a tall, handsome fellow, with a square, purposeful face, and an arm that made light of a rifle carrying ten balls to a pound. A man whom you felt at once it would be good to lean upon and always safe to love.

Such a lovely girl, with a witching, coaxing, piquant face, and a little, light, swaying figure that was as graceful as a water-lily. They were pacing the veranda together under the young April moon and the spring blossoms—together and not together, for Mollie had taken her hand out of Jack's and kept just a step before him.

"Mollie!" No answer.

"Mollie, dear!"

"Well, Jack?"

"Is it me—me myself—you are going to marry?"

"Of course it is."

"Then why care a fig for what people will say? I have got, as you very well know, two thousand dollars a year, and I have saved, besides, just three thousand dollars; that is all the coin I am worth. Is it sensible to have a wedding fit for a millionaire?"

"Jack, men know nothing about these things. There was my friend, Lulu Shearer, who married Ralph Randall. Ralph hadn't a cent but his salary, and Lulu's wedding dress and veil, and all her things came from New York, and every decent person in the town was at the wedding. It cost Mr. Shearer all of two thousand dollars. I am not going to have a shabby affair to please either you or papa, and I think you are very cruel to ask me."

"Where does Lulu live now?"

"Jack, I think that question is real mean. Of course I know how poor Lulu has come down, but—"

"But don't you see, darling, that the money spent on the wedding dress and feast would have bought them a home. I have heard Ralph say so many a time."

"That is just like men; calculating always what women could save off their dress."

"Well, Mollie, I love you dearly; you know that well, and I would do any sensible thing to please you, but I am not going to begin my married life by ruining myself, and I am not going to spend my last cent because I want all Santa Lucia to know that I am as big a fool as Randall, and rather a bigger one than Gen. Joyce, who went to housekeeping last week as quietly and modestly as really rich men generally do."

Mollie was sulky and Mollie was saucy, but Jack would not readily take offence. He loved this pretty girl so well and was so sure of her good heart and her usual wisdom that he could not bear to part with her. But Jack was also a man sovereign of himself—a man, who, having once decided that a course was right, was no more to be moved than the center of a circle.

Mollie, too, had that kind of persistence which is peculiarly womanish—the persistence of a fly, which, when driven off, returns to the attack. This species of warfare masters most men, but Jack came of Puritan and Scotch lineage, and had that kind of dour respect for his own conscience which eyes of all generations have found unworkable to their will.

They parted that night in tears and anger. Jack lit his cigar and walked down to the beach to reconsider the situation. Mollie went upstairs and threw herself into the arms of Mammy Cassy, weeping out her anger and sorrow in passionate abandon.

She had no mother but this faithful black nurse, but as she only needed someone to support her in her own way, Mammy was rather better than anyone else; for Mammy not only understood all Mollie's opinions and feelings, but also shared them.

"What's de matter wid my blessed chile?" she said, rubbing Mollie's hands tenderly.

"Mammy, it's too bad. Jack knows I love him, and he won't hear of me having a decent wedding, and it will kill me—I know it will."

"Ef Massa Jack done got mean, honey, den I'se gwine to gib up de men folks. I 'clar to goodness, dey's too aggravatin'. What for my chile not hab de kind of 'weddin' she wants to hab? Reckon it's your weddin' anyhow! What does he say, honey?"

"He says he would rather I would keep the \$2,000 papa gave me for my things, and be married like General Joyce and Lizzie Raymond were—just ask the minister, you know, Mammy, to the house, and no one there but his and her relations."

"De idea!"

"Julia Kemp told me it was just like a prayer-meeting—so solemn like."

"Dey's Medodies is de Gin'ral's folks, honey."

"And so selfish, Mammy, not to ask even one's neighbors! And I'd sent to New York, you know, for patterns, and prices, and things, and just decided on the loveliest satin suit and sprigged Paris veil! It's too bad for anything."

"So 'tis. You jist git 'em anyhow, honey. Massa Jack de same kind as oder men; he'll gib in when he sees he's got to."

"No, he won't, Mammy; he's that set in his own way. He told me plain that if I wanted to be married in satin and lace, I must get a richer bridegroom than he was. Besides, if he won't have a breakfast and ball, and won't go up north for a bridal trip, what is the use of me getting lovely things? Nobody will see them."

"You're too good for Massa Jack, honey; dat am the trufe; jist you tell him so; dar's Colonel Jessup—powerful nice man, an' lubs you like—"

"Colonel Jessup, Mammy! That wet curl-paper of a man! Wouldn't have believed you would speak his name to me. Besides, Mammy, I love Jack."

"Ob course, he know dat, an' he calculates to begin habbin' his own way 'fore he got any right to. You berry foolish let him see you lubs him! When I was a gal, no one coteh me at dat trick."

"He found it out, Mammy—he finds out everything. And there's papa, instead of standing up for his own daughter, says I ought to thank heaven for such a sensible husband."

"So you ought, chile, when you gits him; dey's scarce 'nough, de Lord knows."

"Rub my hands and feet, Mammy, and shut the blinds. Oh, Jack! Jack! I don't see how you can be so cruel!" and Mollie really sobbed herself to sleep.

Morning, however, woke up this little womanly fly to a fresh attack. She began with her father. He was of far more malleable material than her lover, and if he was once won to her side, she hoped Jack might be more reasonable. The judge was sitting on the veranda with his Panama on the back of his head and his newspaper in his hand, when Mollie came fluttering up to him, all snowy frills and pink ribbons and pretty smiles. He liked to be taken prisoner by her, and carried into breakfast, and have his paper taken away, and be made at once her pet and slave.

As soon as she had asked after his horse and his dog, and his political favorite, and his last new case, she introduced her own. "Papa, Jack and I had a real quarrel last night. He is too absurd. I told him that you had given me two thousand dollars, and I showed him the patterns of all the pretty things I was going to buy, and told him what a grand wedding Cassy and I had planned—for you know, Papa, we are not going to let the Shearers and that crowd beat us, and instead of being in ecstasies, as any reasonable lover would have been, he looked annoyed and cross."

"Then I told him frankly what I thought about such behavior, and he said 'there was no use discussing plans to make a fool of him, for he would not stand it.' I am a good-natured little thing, but I was dreadfully shocked and grieved, and Mammy was quite amazed to see me able to get up and dress this morning."

"Oh, Mollie, dear, give Jack his way. It's a very sensible one, I'm sure. I told him I had only two thousand dollars to give you, but he has saved three thousand, and the five thousand dollars would buy you a pretty home and furnish it. What is the good of spending it on fallals and feasting folk who don't care a red cent for you?"

"Papa, I am astonished at you! Pray, didn't mamma and you have a wedding that was the talk of the county for a twelve-month? And mamma's *trousseau* came from Paris, and you went to Europe for a bridal tour? Very like Satan correcting sin for you to oppose stylish weddings, I think."

"Well, Mollie, that was twenty years ago. We were a rich crowd then; we are a poor one now. And I'll confess to you that I thought the whole thing a tremendous bore. It left me tight in money matters for a long time, and your mother was never contented at home afterwards. I was very sorry about it."

"Well, I don't want to go to Paris. I want a wedding suit from New York and other things that will cost about one thousand dollars. And I want to have a house full of friends for a week before the wedding, with plenty of dinners and parties, and I want all the nice people we know in Santa Lucia, Braoria and Javaca to a big marriage and ball. Of course Jack and I ought to go north for a month!"

"Mollie, have some pity on me. I can't stand that kind of thing either physically or financially; it's foolish, dear, and Jack can't leave his duties so long—of course he can't."

"Then if I can't be married my way I am not going to be married in Jack Madison's way, I assure you."

"Now, Mollie, his ideas are very sensible."

"Do you know his 'ideas,' papa?"

"Yes. He wants to buy the Carder place for \$2,000 and then your \$2,000 would not only furnish it comfortably, but buy a buggy for his horse, and still leave a little nest egg for future savings."

"Oh, those are his ideas! Well, I don't like the Carder place, and I don't intend my \$2,000 to buy chairs and matting and a stove and a buggy. And as for being married like Lizzie Raymond was, in white muslin and natural flowers and having no one but our relations, I think it is quite irreligious. People ought to have some consideration for their friends' feelings, and everybody says General Joyce acted very meanly!"

"I don't think he and Lizzie thought of that. They regard marriage as a very solemn and personal thing. Their marriage was a religious service, and really, now, Mollie, I think it is better for two young people to begin life together praying than dancing. I do, indeed!"

"Papa, do you love me?"

"Why, Mollie, darling, you know I do."

Mollie's arm was around his neck, and she was stroking and kissing his face, and coaxing him with words few fathers could resist. The judge sighed, but submitted, and before he lifted his Panama again had pledged himself to second Mollie's wishes about her wedding.

He sent for Jack and had a long talk with him, but he could not convince the lover against his judgment. Indeed, Jack felt a little contempt for a father so easily wrought to his own injury, and the judge feeling this, they parted at last quite coolly. In all this dispute Jack was really very wretched; he loved Mollie with a strength she was far from understanding, but this matter he regarded as vitally affecting all their future, and, being a man, he could not conceive how a satin robe and a French veil should separate them if Mollie really loved him.

It did, though. There was another stormy meeting and some passionate tears, and then Mollie, drawing her engagement ring off her finger, laid it in Jack's hand. It cost Jack

then a terrible struggle to avoid making her any promise, however extravagant. But there are men to whom conscience is not altogether a thing of liking and lucre, and Jack was one of them. Yet he suffered so much whenever he met Mollie or heard her voice in the church choir that he resolved to leave the place.

They had parted in May. On Christmas eve he called once more at the judge's house and asked to see Mollie. There were several persons present—some playing whist with the judge, others standing around Mollie, who was at the piano. The father received him rather shyly, the daughter trembled and turned as white as a lily leaf. Jack was glad to see her emotion, and presently he found a moment to say: "I am going up the country. I have bought a cattle ranch there."

The poor girl made an effort to speak, but could not; her evident feeling gave Jack hope; he whispered: "Will you go with me, Mollie, dearest?"

"Yes."

"Will you marry me to-morrow?"

"Impossible."

"I have all things ready."

"But my things are not ready."

"You know my opinions about marriage?"

"I know them," and Mollie drew herself a little apart.

"They have not changed, Mollie."

"Nor have mine, Jack."

"Then we must part again."

"I suppose so."

There was a dreary sound in Mollie's voice that made Jack very miserable, but if he had sacrificed his principle to his affection now he knew that it would bring both of them nothing but misery. So he went away, and Mollie tried hard to hide her self-reproach in an unusual gaiety.

One day nearly a year and a half afterwards Mollie met her old friend, Lulu. She was so thin and sorrowful-looking and seemed so full of anxiety that Mollie went home with her. She was greatly troubled to find the once gay girl in a noisy, cheap boarding-house that must have been a powerful contrast to her own cool, pretty home. Lulu was glad to open her heart to Mollie. "Ralph's salary had been reduced, and the baby had been sick all its short life, and they had hard work to get along."

"But does not your father help you, Lulu?"

"Papa gave me all he could at my marriage, and we just wasted enough to have bought us a home, and now Amelia is going to do the very same thing. I try to tell her how living in this noisy, crowded place has made both Ralph and me ill-tempered often with each other, and oh, Mollie! I do believe baby would have got well if we had had some quiet home of our own."

Mollie went away very sorry for Lulu and very full of thought. "Papa," she said, "is that Wheeler cottage for sale yet?"

"Yes, dear, it is—a nice bit of property for fifteen hundred dollars."

"I want to buy it with my two thousand dollars."

"Very sensible of you. I'll see about it at once."

So in a few days Mollie owned the prettiest cottage in Santa Lucia, and then she went again to see Lulu. I need not detail their conversation, but out of it grew this event. For a whole week the two women and Cassy were busy there. Matting was laid, muslin shades hung and pretty cottage and cane furniture brought quietly into it. Then one day Ralph Randall, sitting over his books, not in the best of tempers, received a note from Mollie asking him to call there as he went home. Of course, not Mollie, but his wife, met him, and he ate in the pleasant, quiet little dining-room his very first home meal.

"Mollie has bought the place, Ralph, dear, and given me the furniture as a wedding present, and the rent is quite within our means. See what a lovely garden, and how sweet, and still, and clean, and fresh everything is!"

"But, Lulu, this is too much of a wedding present. I don't like to take it."

"I told Mollie that, and she said she had never spent three hundred dollars so much to her liking. She says I have taught her a lesson worth far more than that."

Ralph said little, but he was none the less grateful and happy, and he thought he saw a way in which he could pay one good turn with another. So in a few days he said to his employer: "About that cotton due in Seguin, don't you think I ought to go and see about it? My books are made up. I could spare ten days very well now."

"It would be well done, Mr. Randall. Suppose you go at once."

Therefore it happened, a week afterwards—Ralph's business being well finished—he rode up one evening to Jack's house, having contrived to take it in his homeward journey. The meeting was a very hearty one and was spent in much pleasant conversation. Ralph let every other topic get exhausted before he introduced the one he had specially come to talk about. But at last, as they began to smoke more quietly and talk more seriously, Ralph said: "I had a great piece of luck lately."

"As how, Ralph?"

"Well, you know how I do hate a boarding-house, and how I've longed for a home of my own ever since I was married. But last summer we suffered more than ever for it—the noise, the want of privacy, the confinement, the heat, and the dirty, wretched cooking. I don't wonder our poor little baby cried all the time it lived; it must killed Lulu, and about drove me crazy. One day Lulu tells that dear little Mollie Terry everything, and would you believe it, she went and bought Wheeler's cottage, gave us it at a moderate rent, and made us a present of the furniture."

"Mollie Terry did that?"

"Yes, she did, Jack, and you can't imagine what a home-like, charming little nest Lulu has made of it. I knew nothing till I was asked to tea there, and, really, I could hardly eat the little feast made for me for joy and gratitude."

"Mollie Terry did that?"

"Mollie Terry did that, and never took the cream of a single kindness any way. She's a noble little lady. Heaven help her!"

The result of Ralph's journey was that Jack also took a journey, and arrived one sunny April afternoon in Santa Lucia. He went

"Slight and puffed souls that walk like shadows by."

—BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

are the many imitations of

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

They come and go quickly; the public are discerning and are not deceived by the many so-called Ceylon Teas offered in lead packets made to resemble "Salada."

directly to Judge Terry's and found Mollie sitting in the parlor sewing and singing softly to herself. She rose hurriedly when he entered and blushed as bright as sunshine.

"Mollie!"

"Jack!"

"Mollie, dear, there's divinity in odd numbers; I'm come to ask you the third time, will you marry me—my way?"

"Your way is my way, Jack, if you like to take me with you. It is not often we learn from other people's mistakes, but Lulu Randall opened my eyes."

"And Ralph Randall opened mine. I guess they have given us our wedding present."

"Then you know, Jack. I think they owe us nothing, love."

Jack would hear of no delay, and Mollie had no particular preparations to make this time. "You see I have been getting ready, Jack, ever since you went away. I knew you would come back for me."

But though Mollie was married "among her own people," very solemnly and quietly, and though she wore nothing but white muslin and natural flowers, she was the happiest and loveliest of Easter brides. And to-day Jack is rich enough—and willing enough—to give her the finest of satins and laces, but Mollie no longer cares particularly about them. She dresses for those she loves, and for those who love her, and "other people's eyes" give her little anxiety and cost her very little money.

THE END.

To Whom It May Concern.

I deem it a duty to suffering humanity to publish the great benefits I have recently derived. It seems a great pity that so many should suffer for years as I have done when relief is so close at hand. I have just got rid of a large uric stone (known as gravel) which can be seen at 9 Francis street, head office of the Eudo Mineral Water Co. The effect was wholly due to drinking Eudo freely.

Signed, ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

"Don't cry," he entreated. Then he perceived that her handkerchief was edged with the most exquisite lace. "Don't weep," he said, correcting himself.—*Detroit Journal.*

A Cosy Reading Room,

provided with the latest in magazines, weekly and daily papers, is at the disposal of our patrons, while our stock includes everything that is best in tobacco. In cigars, from our 3c. Victor to the highest priced imported, the values are unequalled. Muller's, nine King street west.

Sold by all Druggists—25c.

HARGREAVES BROS., Agents

TOOTHWASH

AN ELEGANT ANTISEPTIC

TO PRESERVE, CLEANSE

BEAUTIFY & PERFUME

PARIS

Sold by all Druggists—25c.

HARGREAVES BROS., Agents

A Dainty Palate Will Always Relish

WARRE'S

CONVIDO

PORT WINE

Sold by Michie & Co., J. C. Moor, G. W. Cooley, T. H. George, F. Giles, Rossin House Grocery, Wholesale at Adams & Burns and Elchorn & Carpenter's.

H. CORRY, Belleville

Sole Agent for Canada.

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

CONVIDO

ESTABLISHED 1670

Served by WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

WARRE & CO

QUEER CORNER

This is the answer to last week's puzzle. It is a palindrome, that is, it reads, as the reader will observe, just the same whether you begin at the first word of the first line or the last word of the second line. It is:

"No, sir, I draw no drowsy sword; onward, Iris, on!"

PROFITS OF INSURANCE.

The Toronto Public School Board have within the past 25 years paid the insurance companies the sum of \$30,000, while the losses have been only about \$1,000.

ON A ROBIN'S LEG.

A robin was caught by one of the high school students at Waterford which had a piece of paper tied to its leg with the following query: "Where will this robin build its nest in the coming spring?" The note was signed by N. Jules Ferdinand, Box 415, Tampa, Florida. The student immediately wrote to Florida announcing the capture of the bird.—St. Thomas Journal. Until we hear from Mr. Ferdinand there will exist a possibility that this is a Waterford joke.

QUEER ATHLETIC CONTEST.

Perhaps the strangest athletic carnival ever held will take place in Chicago in June, when the American National Association of Railway Cripples will hold their annual convention and a series of athletic contests. Fifty trained athletes, minus legs, arms or hands will compete in a series of events. The organization was founded to enable those who lose limbs in railway accidents to get artificial limbs at the lowest cost, and to protect and assist each other in after life.

IN PRISON AND OUT.

How does it seem to come out of prison after many years of confinement? Nobody can answer, unless it be those who have experienced it. The West Lebanon Gazette quotes the talk of Warden Harley, of a penitentiary in the Northern States, a kind-hearted man, who says that after a convict has been in prison for twenty years it is often a cruelty rather than a mercy to pardon him out.

"There are exceptions," Mr. Harley says, "but the rule is that such prisoners have no friends in the outside world, and soon find themselves miserable and longing again for prison. One such exception is that of a man who was in prison for murder, and was recently pardoned by Governor Matthews. He had served twenty-nine years on a life sentence. I received a letter from him the other day. He is in Nebraska with his brother, and is bubbling over with gratitude.

"Sometimes a small favor granted to a prisoner appears a great one to the poor fellow who is cut off from the outside world. The other day I asked a 'lifer' from Tippecanoe County, who has been in prison twenty-nine years, if he had ever seen a street-car. He said no. 'I will show you one,' I said, and took him outside the prison walls. He was all of a tremble when the car came by.

"Two dogs were running past at the same time. He was greatly interested in the dogs. 'How beautiful they are!' he exclaimed. As a matter of fact, they were the commonest of curs. 'Why,' said he, 'those are the first dogs I have seen for fifteen years! Fifteen years ago,' he said, meditatively, as if calling upon exceedingly choice and pleasant recollection, 'I saw a little dog one day in the prison-yard.'

RECOVERY OF SPEECH.

A remarkable case of the recovery of speech and hearing is reported from the Canton of Ticino in Switzerland. An Italian, aged forty-one years, who five years ago became a deaf-mute in consequence of a serious disease, was startled by the sudden appearance of a runaway horse. As he jumped aside to avoid the animal, he uttered a loud scream, and after it had gone by found that he was able to talk and hear.

THE MAKING OF A DICTIONARY.

The first five letters of the alphabet have now been finished in the new and monumental Oxford Dictionary. An interesting table which has been prepared shows the number of words given under those letters to be 80,591. Of these 60,254 are main words, 10,136 are special combinations explained under main words, and 13,181 are subordinate words. An analysis of the main words brings out that 47,786 are in current use, 15,952 are obsolete, and 2,516 are alien. The figures illustrate the immense amount of labor involved in the undertaking which Dr. Murray and his colleagues have in hand.

HIS REWARD.

The first man who discovered gold in Australia was hanged for his pains. He was one of the first convicts transported to Botany Bay, and when he learned the great secret he brought a sample to show his success, and was promptly hanged for attempted escape.

HOW TO FIX SQUEAKING SHOES.

It is said that to bore a hole halfway through the sole of a shoe relieves its squeaking. The reason assigned for the cure is that the air between the layers of leather is released by the boring. As the squeaking quality belongs oftentimes to children's shoes, the efficacy of the suggestion might be tested there.

GROWING RUSSIA.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The growth during the last one hundred years has been a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

A BICYCLIST'S FEAT.

We shall soon have bicyclists performing on high wires. A French cyclist named Garaud, a plumber by trade, recently rode around the coping-stone of a house in course of construction for a wager. The coping-stone was barely two feet wide, and was about fifty feet from the ground.

WHAT WE HAVE LOST.

"No country under the eternal blue," says a well known writer, "has lost such vast territory and invaluable privileges through the carelessness and stupidity of treaty makers as Canada has. Canadians are, as a people, terribly phlegmatic, and often arouse themselves when it is too late. They look back now in utter bewilderment at the extraordinary series of negotiations which ended in their losing the greater part of Maine and the whole of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the great territories of Washington and Oregon, Isle Royale, in the Canadian waters of Lake Superior, and George's Island, in the Canadian half of Lake Huron!"

The Care of Children.

By Herbert Spencer.

IF by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. "This must have been the curriculum for their cellmates," we may fancy him concluding. "I perceive here an elaborate preparation for many things; especially for reading the books of extinct nations and of co-existing nations (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue); but I find no reference whatever to the bringing-up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently, then, this was the school course of one of their monastic orders."

Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact that, though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences; or if, studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients; but that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

To tens of thousands that are killed, add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be, and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them, to their life-long injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use.

When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble, parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes; or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited; but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children; and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

He Knew His Own Value.

Harper's Monthly.

BEFORE the war, in the days of slavery, a New York jeweler, of a prominent family, who can be called Mr. X., had owing to him a bill of \$1,200 from a reputedly wealthy family in the South. Time after time the bill was rendered, but there was no response, and finally Mr. X., as he chanced to have other business taking him beyond the Mason and Dixon line, decided to call at the house of his debtor in New Orleans and see if he could get some satisfaction for his claim.

On his arrival there he found that his debtor was in a bad way financially and had but little money, although running an expensive establishment. A proposition was made that Mr. X. take in payment of his bill a negro named Jim, a very bright fellow, and considered to be worth fully \$1,500. Jim was an expert horse-man, and through all his life had been working in the stables of his master.

Mr. X. was in a quandary. His abolitionist ideas prevented him from being a slave-owner, but his natural anxiety to receive something for the bill due him almost demanded that he should accept the slave as payment. Finally a bright idea suggested itself, and he called the negro to him.

"Now, Jim," said he, "I am going to be your new master. I do not want to live here in the South and look after you, nor do I wish to take you to the North with me. Now, I've been thinking of this plan: Will you be honest, sober and attentive to business if I set you up in the cab trade in this city? Will you turn over every cent to me and not steal from me? If you promise, I will set you up in business, and when you send me the money that you earn I will credit half of it to you. When your half of the money, above all the expenses, amounts to twelve hundred dollars, you can buy your freedom, and then we can continue partners in the business, or you can buy me out. If you do not want to make any promises, or if you will not keep the promises that you may make, I will sell you, and then you may get a hard master."

Jim of course promised, and what is more remarkable, he kept his word. Mr. X. bought for him three cabs and as many teams, and allowed him full management of the business.

So well did Jim take care of the enterprise that within a year he had charge of nine cabs, and several teams of horses for each cab. He sent his money regularly to New York, and within two years his share of the profits amounted to over \$2,000. But still he made no suggestion that any of his money be turned over to Mr. X. for his freedom.

Mr. X. did not wish to speak about the mat-

ter to Jim, but he was anxious to get some cash value for the slave. He accordingly sent a friend to see Jim and find out what was the matter. The friend went to Jim, and said to him:

"Jim, you have sent to Mr. X. nearly fifty-seven hundred dollars, haven't you?"

"Yassir," said Jim.

"And twenty-eight hundred dollars of that money will be yours if you buy your freedom, won't it?"

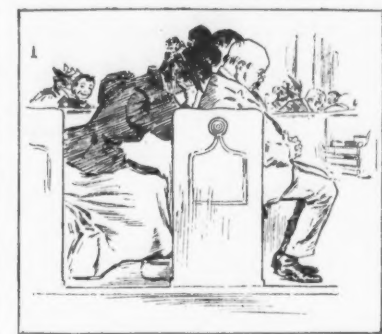
"Yassir," said Jim again.

"Well, it will only cost you twelve hundred dollars to buy your freedom, and when you do you will have sixteen hundred dollars left, and can still continue in partnership with Mr. X. Why don't you buy your freedom?"

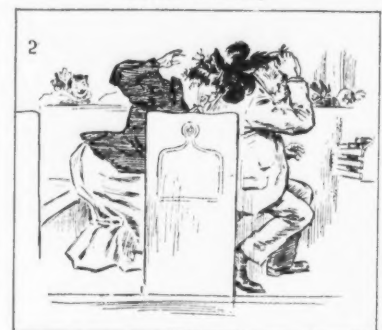
"Look yere, boss," said Jim solemnly—"look yere; yo doan' ketch dis chicken yere a-buyin' a niggah dat has consumption."

JOHN W. GEBHART.

The Tale of the Easter Bonnet.



As gentle as a fly.



Caught on the fly.



Wishing he could fly.—Bazar.

The Hair-Powder Tax.

IT is curious, notwithstanding the increased favor with which canine pets are now regarded, that in old times there was a greater indisposition to tax their owners.

In 1795 we find the *Times* advertising such an impost, not only upon the ground of increasing the revenue, but because "the coarser parts of meat are scarcely to be had by the poor, since the rich buy them for their dogs." The hair-powder tax was, however, imposed instead, which produced an epigram—at that time a species of literature much favored by "the Thunderer"—

Full many a chance, or dire mishap,
Ofttimes between the lip and cup is;
The Tax, that should have hung our dogs,
Excuses them, and falls on PUPPIES.

The hair-powder tax could hardly have been so remunerative as that for which it was substituted, though it produced double the amount (£200,000) which was anticipated by the Minister. Every person wearing powder was charged one guinea, which caused those who paid it to be called guinea-pigs, and those who didn't, "pigs without a guinea." The royal family and their menial servants were exempted (the Duke of Portland was held up to

A Standing Offer

BUT do not miss it.

LUDELLA

A splendid Ceylon Blend Tea, at 25c, 40c, 50c. and 60c. lb. Its natural flavor retained in sealed lead packages.

For Sale Here, There and Everywhere

public indignation for declining to pay his guinea as being in the king's service; so were clergymen with incomes under a hundred a year, and subalterns in the army. Persons having more than two daughters unmarried were charged for only two. The Duke of Devonshire paid five-and-thirty guineas for his family. The Duchess of Northumberland but one, "not, however, from motives of dissatisfaction; her Grace declines to contribute in however small a degree to the present scarcity of flour." The leading journal has a most vehement article against such waste in the midst of famine. "To the antiquated virgin, indeed, who still sighs and hopes, and whose silvery locks might prove too sure an index of her years," the sacrifice, it says, may be too great to be expected; "the unhappy henpecked laid pate whose lively wife nauseates and detests the careless brown bob," may also have some excuse, but no other character—and here a long list is given in the same satiric vein—"can have any possible excuse for thus insulting the poor when they are in want."

It's Worse Than Bicycle Face.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"They have got a new disease out west. The victim twists his head all around and up and down in a most dreadful fashion."
"Horrible! What do they call it?"
"Airship neck."

A Railway Manager Says:

"In reply to your question, 'Do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion?' I say 'No!' On the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

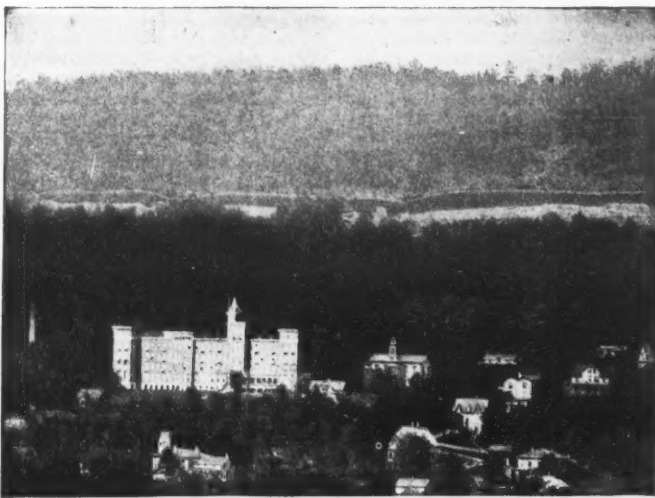
\$19.500
GIVEN AWAY
IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR
SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS
During the Year 1897.

For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to
LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 Scott St., TORONTO

WHEN ILL Steuben Sanitarium
Hornellsville, N. Y.
Send for free illustrated brochure and personal references from your own vicinity.

ATKINSON'S
PARISIAN
TOOTH PASTE
For Cleaning the Teeth

HEALTH! REST! COMFORT!



THE JACKSON SANATORIUM

Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y.

Established in 1858. Most beautiful and commodious Fire Proof Building in the world used as a Health Institution. All forms of Hydro-therapeutics, massage, rest cure, electricity administered by skilled attendants. A staff of regular physicians of large experience; accommodations and service of highest class. Superior cuisine directed by Emma P. Ewing, teacher of cooking at Chautauqua. Do not fail to write for illustrated literature and terms if seeking health or rest. Address—

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M.D., Secretary, box 1897, Dansville, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

DR. JOHN F. ROSS, Dentist
Cor. Yonge and College Sts., Room 5, 2nd Floor
Over Canadian Bank of Commerce. Telephone 464

DR. HAROLD CLARK, DENTIST
Tel. 1940
45 King St. W. (Over Hooper's Drug Store), TORONTO

MASSAGE.

MASSAGE—Mr. & Mrs. Thos. J. R. Cook
Graduates of West End Hospital, London, Eng.
204 KING STREET WEST
References from leading physicians. Phone 1236.

MASSAGE—MISS JENNER, graduate of Charing Cross Hospital, London, Eng., is open to all nursing engagements. Telephone 3210.
Address—6 Glen Road.

MEDICAL.

J. ADAMS, M.D., Homoeopathic Con-
sulting Physician and Medical Electrician, 12
St. Patrick St. Hours: 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Diseases
of the Blood, Consumption and Tumors.

DR. E. M. COOK
Throat and Lungs, Consumption, Bron-
chitis and Catarrh specially.
90 College street.

INSURANCE.

FOUNDED A.D. 1710
The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World
SUN FIRE

INSURANCE OFFICE OF LONDON, ENGLAND
Head Office, Canadian Branch - TORONTO
H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.
Surplus over capital and all other liabilities exceeds
\$7,000,000

HIGGINBOTHAM & LYON - Toronto Agents
15 Wellington Street East
Telephone 488

PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto. Phone 1641

ICE CREAM

Our Ice Cream always pleases. Put up in any
shape desired and delivered promptly to any part
of the city.

Special Rates Wholesale

The Kensington Dairy
Tel. 3910 453 Yonge Street

TAN SHOES...BLACK SHOES

BLANCHFORD. Spring foot-
wear of all
kinds for La-
dies, Gentle-
men and Chil-
dren. New
Gaiters in the
latest
shades.
Very best
stock in the
city to select
from.

H. & C. BLANCHFORD, 83 to 89 King Street East

THE STRAND CAFE, 8 Adelaide Street
East. Nothing in stock for our friends and patron-
s but the choicest in liquors and cigars. Cozy
smoking rooms and cafe. E. J. EVANS, Proprietor.

DRESSMAKING.

MRS. J. PHILP
Infants' Outfits from \$10.
Ladies' Trousseau to order.
Children's Dresses from 50c.
Small Children's Clothing
All kinds to order.
6 College Street

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

41 King St. West

Has just received a choice assortment of
Parisian and American Novelties
Also the newest designs in

HATS and BONNETS

SMITH'S TORONTO DYE WORKS

25 King Street West, Toronto
Oldest Dyeing Establishment in the City.
Our dyeing, cleaning and finishing, French clean-
ing and curtain finishing and dressing are very
complete.

A Delicate Hint.

Labouche in Truth.
A paragraph, which I imagine has been re-
printed or commented upon in nearly every
paper in the kingdom, records how a com-
mittee of the West Bromwich Town Council
have rewarded their cemetery superintendent
for his long service by granting him a plot of
ground in the corporation cemetery for his own
private use. I confess that were I the official
in question I would rather have taken my
reward for long service in cash than in kind.
At the same time, the precedent thus estab-
lished is one which might be made very useful
in the public service. Cases often arise where
officials who have held their posts for a very
long time show reluctance to quit. Instead of
granting a man in such a case a pension to get
rid of him, it might be cheaper and more effective
—I don't know that I can say more delicate
—to present him with a plot of ground in some
public cemetery. It is difficult to think of any
way in which you could give a man a plainer
hint that the time has arrived when his ser-
vices can be dispensed with.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONES—Editorial Rooms, No. 582
Business Office, No. 1769

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:
One Year.....\$2 00
Six Months.....1 00
Three Months.....50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS

VOL. X] TORONTO, MAY 8, 1897 [NO. 25



THE Toronto Opera House with this week commences a season of light opera which, if found to "go," will be carried on through the summer. This is a contingency to be ardently hoped for. If the support continues as strong as it was on opening night, last Monday, there is no fear as far as the "go" is concerned, and doubtless the coming hot season will see a theater open and flourishing in Toronto for the first time under such circumstances. Said Pasha has been sung to good houses. Monday night almost every seat in the house was sold and occupied. It is rather unfortunate that a stronger piece than the one chosen was not put on to create the first impression. Said Pasha is very weak musically when compared with other comic operas recently heard here. If one of the ever-delightful Gilbert and Sullivan pieces, several of which are to be produced later in the series, had been selected for the opening performance, it would have done more to arouse popular anticipations in a season of comic operas at popular prices. But of course Said Pasha was selected as the opening attraction because it is new to Toronto.

A good comic opera is, to the average taste, the most enjoyable form of theatrical amusement. It contains fun and music, and provides a kind of excuse for frivolities that are inconsistent and absurd in drama. The singing covers all exaggerations of acting—in fact, the wildest kind of ranting and gestures only helps to bring out the full expression of the music. What more can an ordinary man or woman want? She can have her feelings touched by the sentimental songs and musical love raptures, while he can have his sense of humor tickled by the funny passages between the songs and choruses. The man has generally an added interest in the shape of pretty girls. While the Madison Square Opera Co. is well enough off in this particular, in its other scenic effects it seems rather plain to those who are dazzled by the gorgeousness of the Mandarin and the Geisha.

In listening to the various parts of Said Pasha one gets a promise of good things in store when the stronger and more musical pieces in the company's repertoire are produced. William Riley Hatch, who takes the part of Hassen Bey, the officer of the guard, has a pleasing baritone voice and a fine figure. Miss Lizzie Gonzales as Serena, the Pasha's daughter, displays not only a clear soprano, but gives evidence of that magnetism and winsomeness which are naturally looked for in the soubrette. Of Julia Calhoun, the contralto, it is impossible to judge, as her part in Said Pasha is small and uninteresting. Edwin Palfrey and Al. Leech are funny, though they evidently can be more funny in less farcical and more humorous parts. Of the songs the most pleasing and tuneful are the quintette, Life is Sunny Only While Love is Young, and the duet between Hassen Bey and Serena, though to tell the truth, the piece contains very few catchy or pretty songs. This is a very grave matter. A man doesn't get the worth of his money unless he carries away with him something to prove he was there and is up to date. He should be able to add a bar or two to those whistled by someone across the street. It is a mystic bond of fellowship between them. If a song is catchy the air generally comes back to him the next morning, and he whistles it till his lips crack. Ten to one he goes to the show a second time, to make sure whether something or other is D sharp or E natural. The chorus in Said Pasha displayed strength and sonority, and will doubtless improve after it gets into the full swing. Altogether the company gives signs of maintaining a strong drawing attraction when, as I said before, they broach the good stuff a little deeper in the bin.

The three performances advertised for Friday night, Saturday afternoon and evening at the Princess Theater, are taking place at the Grand Opera House instead, the stage of the latter house being found much better adapted to the scenery and requirements of the productions. The programme is, Friday night, Damon and Pythias; Saturday matinee, Colleen Bawn, and Saturday night, Doris. These plays are being put on under the direction of Mr. H. N. Shaw, and he has some very clever supporters. I am unable in this issue to comment upon these performances, owing to the fact that they are presented so late in the week, but I am sure they will be attractively put on and skilfully played.

Next season Lewis Morrison will be seen in

two new plays, the Privateer, and Stuart Denville, Gentleman. It is stated that he has dropped Faust, but it is likely that he will always keep it up his sleeve.

Augustus Thomas is writing two new plays, one for Charles Hopper, with Chimmie Fadden as a plumber with "some social prestige," and another entitled Treadway of Yale, for Nat Goodwin.

There is a sudden demand for stage versions of Henry Esmond, a work which real admirers of Thackeray would prefer to have spared from the theatrical adapters. F. R. Benson has lately produced an "Esmond" play in England. E. H. Sothorn is to produce another next fall, with Virginia Harned, presumably, as "My own dear lady," though in Benson's version Beatrix and Esmond are married and the sweet dowager has a secondary place in the plot. Another dramatization, in which Anne Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) has had a hand, is mentioned in some of the London newspapers.

The most flattering success, both in point of attendance and the artistic merit of the programme presented, attended Mr. Owen A. Smiley's recital last week in Association Hall. Mr. Smiley's unique sketches are absolutely inimitable, and the fact that they please everywhere testifies to their literary merit and his production of them before the public. Very few of our reciters take the trouble to present such a strong list of assisting talent, or to go beyond the city of Toronto in order to procure the best obtainable. Miss Virginia Nina Eastman of Detroit won the immediate attention and sympathy of the audience. Besides having a really wonderful voice and knowing how to use it, she imparts an added charm to such songs as admit of it by the introduction of just sufficient impersonation to make them realistic. Her rendition of DeKoven's Marjorie and The Last Rose of Summer was superb. She received some handsome floral tributes and was tendered double recalls to all her songs. Better known are Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. G. Arthur Depew, old Toronto boys, though now of Detroit. Mr. Jarvis is always good and he was



Miss Virginia Nina Eastman.

at his best that evening. Depew, though one of the youngest, is at the same time one of the most respected musicians in Detroit. He wields the baton of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. As an accompanist he has few equals. The entire affair reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Smiley and the other artists.

SPORTING COMMENT

LETTER has reached me from Mr. H. J. P. Good, in reply to my comments in last week's issue upon the Toronto and Tecumseh lacrosse clubs. Mr. Good is one of the fairest and one of the best informed writers on sporting topics in all Canada, and I regret that the length of his letter—nearly two columns in our type—makes it impossible for me to publish it. But as the letter reached me in the shape of two proofs pulled from type, I think the public need not despair of seeing it printed in full in some other paper. I hope that the letter will be published and read, because it is calculated to do good. For myself I wish to say that the writer of it does me one injustice in supposing that I was "pruned" by some supporter of the Tecumsehs. I had no conversation whatever with any supporter of that club or with any other person in regard to the subject, but, being an old lacrosse player myself, and having followed the game since I ceased active play, my opinions naturally took form in the paragraph of last week. I have frequently seen the Torontos play in the past two years. And I have seen the Tecumsehs play also. My sympathies are now and have always been with the players and people who are trying to maintain those splendid sporting grounds at Rosedale. It would be a calamity were those grounds lost to sport. Those grounds, however, cannot be preserved by playing losing lacrosse there, and the press is not doing its duty to the sporting interests of the city when it mollycoddles a vacillating organization that will not stick to one policy for one month of a lacrosse season. I know a lacrosse team from a dozen clothes-pins. Last year the managers of the team started out with a given group of players, and, after losing a few games, announced a new policy: they would do as other clubs did, and so they induced players from Seaford, St. Catharines and other places to accept situations in town. Having done this, the manager, after losing a game, seemed to lose faith in the experiment, and soon the new men, or most of them, were dropped. Possibly the Torontos never put precisely the same twelve men in the field for any two games in succession last summer. Any lacrosse player in the country will support me in saying that that policy of change, creating a feeling of insecurity and dissatisfaction in

players while actually engaged in a match, is ruinous, and of itself more than half explains the failure of the Torontos. The club seems to have too many managers. If it had a strong manager who would now pick the fifteen best men he could find and begin to train and organize them, paying no attention to advisers with "new policies," but sticking to his men and building up team-play, mutual confidence and general enthusiasm would develop a team before the season passes. The men who go on the field are the men who are most anxious to win, and if they are given a chance, will train and work like beavers to get up winning speed; but if half the team is liable to walk the plank after any game, when they work without reward or thanks, what can anyone expect? I have nothing to do with the Tecumsehs and take no interest in the team only in so far as it plays good lacrosse. My sympathies are entirely with those who are trying to make the Rosedale grounds a successful home for sport, but results have shown that the Torontos have been generated as poorly as were the Chinese in the war with Japan. I am glad to be assured by so capable a sporting man as Mr. Good that we may expect something better this season than last, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that profit has been extracted from the experiences of the last two seasons.

The now famous resolution of Ald. Preston requiring bicyclists to carry bells and lamps seems to me to be altogether uncalled for, as the adoption of these articles instead of being an advantage would be a source of danger to both wheelmen and pedestrians. The noise made by the bells is confusing, and the lamps, for several reasons, are undesirable. No lamp can be depended upon to keep lighted when ridden over such rough pavements as we have at present in the city, and when it is lit, it confuses rather than aids pedestrians and approaching wheelmen. As an example of the confusion that would be caused by this innovation, one might imagine the corner of Spadina avenue and College street on a summer's night, with the continuous stream of cars, vehicles and wheels going north, south, east and west, if each wheel had a lamp and bell going at full blast. The corner would resemble a cross between an electric light works and the Bell Telephone "Central" office. The scheme of carrying lamps is in force, I understand, in New York, and the wheelmen who are arrested there for riding with them unlit are legion, although the excuse is invariably the same, viz., the lamp was lit when they started and went out through the jolting of the wheel over the rough pavements. Considering the number of wheels ridden in Toronto to the accidents are of very rare occurrence, and the inclination to blame wheelmen as a class for the actions of a few scoundrels, who are as much a terror to their fellow cyclists as to those on foot, is greatly to be deprecated. Surely nobody wishes to unnecessarily harass bicyclists, and so until we have better pavements it would be impossible to keep lamps lit, and bells, in the opinion of many who don't use wheels, are more annoying than useful. I am not speaking selfishly, for I am on record as favoring a tax of one dollar on all bicycles owned and used in the city.

The following letter has come to hand from Winton, and it is but fair that I should give it room. It is rather unfortunate that the Winton and Owen Sound clubs carry rivalry a few inches too far:

DEAR SIR,—Some weeks ago we noticed in your usually accurate paper an item to the effect that the Winton Garnet Lacrosse Club were \$400 behind and would be unable to put a team in the field this year. Your information came from an Owen Sound paper, and we are pleased to say, is quite erroneous. The Garnets had a very successful season last year, beating the Owen Sound team regularly, and had a considerable surplus on hand when the district championship was won, and would have had ample funds to start this season had not the finals been delayed so late. The game at Collingwood was played in snow; the day at Stratford was even colder; our club had long distances to go and received practically no gate receipts, making a slight deficit, which has been met by the friends of the team. This season we start with ample funds on hand and will have a winning team in the field. Our team is backed financially by practically every business man in Winton. Being a prosperous town, it is easy to secure good situations, and manufacturers and others kindly give a preference to lacrosse players when needing a man. We draw big gates, and after paying rent of grounds, sticks bought, etc., we expect the team will be self-sustaining and be able in the fall to return the money now advanced. Winton is a good all-round town, and a player who has earned a name in lacrosse likes to be with the Garnets. Our only fear is that Owen Sound will not be able to put a team in the field to stay the season. We learn that that town is dissatisfied with the showing they made last season with the Garnets, and if they cannot put in a good enough team to play us reasonably close it will materially affect our gate receipts.

Miss Anne Peck of Boston recently accomplished the daring and hazardous feat of ascending the peak of Popocatepetl, one of the highest mountains in Mexico. The story of the journey, as told by her, is as follows: Leaving Mexico City by rail at 8 a.m., we reached Amecameca, a large village not far from the mountain, at 10. There came a three hours' horse-back ride before ascending the foothill. By 6 p.m. we had climbed 13,000 feet above the sea level, and there encamped for the night. At 6 o'clock next morning we mounted on our horses and rode to the base of the cone at Las Cruces, and at about 6.45 started upon the real climb. The crater was reached at 1 o'clock after a wearying struggle through sand and snow, during which much difficulty was experienced owing to the rarity of the air, and there a halt was called for rest before proceeding to the summit, 1,000 feet higher. Miss Peck has the honor of being the first woman to ascend the peak of Popocatepetl.

The regular American tennis season opened May 1 with the Interscholastic events at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, U. of P., Columbia and U. of Chicago. The prospect of the sport on the other side of the line this year is not so bright at present as it has been in past years, owing chiefly to the announcement of retirements on the part of several of the high-ranking players, amongst whom is Carr Neel, who has been Western and North-Western champion for three successive years and who has

A Local Type.



"Excuse me," he said, "but really you are quite wrong. The thirteen thousand citizens who voted for cars last time are wrong—Hamilton, Ont., is wrong—the other towns in Canada that have cars are wrong—Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol, Liverpool, all the Christian cities of Great Britain and the world, and the people of those cities are all wrong. Believe me, I am right—quite right."

reached the semi-finals at Newport the last two years. Wrenn also talks of retiring, and this means that he will give up his chance of winning the Longwood cup, on which he has one leg, (having defeated Hovey last year) as well as his national title. There is also a rumor of Hovey retiring, which, if true, will leave Larned alone, of all the older players, and there will be the best opportunity of years for the younger men to seize laurels.

The Quebecs, Nationales, Sherbrookes, Young Shamrocks and Young Capitals form the Independent Intermediate Lacrosse League for 1897-8. The annual meeting was held in Montreal last Saturday, and the Montreal club dropping out, Sherbrooke was admitted. The Metropolitan of Ottawa applied for admission, and their application was strongly supported by the Young Capitals, but the other clubs favored Sherbrooke and would not consent to alter a six-club league or two three-club leagues, and the application was not entertained. It seems as if the Tecumsehs would have to confine themselves to exhibition games this year, as the only other combination possible, viz., St. Catharines, Metropolitan and Tecumsehs, does not seem likely to develop.

I am glad to learn from Mr. Stewart Houston's statement that the third Canadian Horse Show, which was held in the Armouries last week, was a financial success, although this result was only secured by economy of management, piling down of purses, and the liberality of a few public-spirited citizens, in addition to the provincial and civic grants. The value of the show to the horse-breeders of Canada has been shown by the improvement of this year's entries, the standard in the saddle and hunting classes being higher than ever. Whilst the show is apt to be looked upon as a society function its aims are far more reaching than that, having in view the encouragement of farmers and breeders of Canada to produce the best type of horse.

The spring meeting of the Fort Erie Jockey Club will take place at Fort Erie, Ont., "on the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, N.Y.," from June 16 to July 5. For the benefit of Mr. Kipling and our foreign readers, I may say that these are not ice races "on the Niagara River," but track events on the shores of that stream.

The opening games in Toronto of the Canadian League are advertised to be played May 14 and 15 in Baseball Park over the Don. Toronto rs. Hamilton. Manager Maddock's new men have arrived, and he expects his team to take a leading position from the start.

The Toronto team in the Eastern League is playing a more consistent game than any other team in the group—losing the first five matches of the season without a skip. But we must not expect too much from a new team with a new manager, until the season gets under way. Irwin has a good record as a baseball manager and will try very hard to keep up his reputation. The first home game at Hanlan's Point will be played May 29.

THE UMPIRE.

A Cutting Criticism, Anyway.

Sydney Bulletin.

Some irreverent vandal has jabbed a penknife several times into the oil-painting of the late J. B. Patterson, in Melbourne National Gallery. It is not known whether the culprit is a political or an art enthusiast.

He Was Just an Anti.

"What is your husband's politics?" asked the new neighbor.
"Jim?" said the lady addressed. "Jim? He's an anti."
"Anti what?"
"No; not anti-what; just an anti. He's again anything that happens to be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Sign "To Let."

Being a Few of the Experiences of Mrs. Jones.

NOW I'm not saying anything against the house. The house was all right. It was simply a spirit of unrest that gets into one's bones in the spring, and so we decided we'd like to move—or rather I decided that we'd like to move. Mr. Jones said—but what does a mere husband matter? The only thing I couldn't get over was his obstinacy in refusing to pay two rents at once. Our lease wasn't up and if we moved we'd still have to go on paying rent on the old house—provided, of course, it wasn't let in the meantime. So I resolved on heroic measures.

I have always thought that a card in the window, among the curtains and geraniums, with the bold sign "To Let," was a most insufferably vulgar affair. It reminds one of those other signs, "Rooms to Let," "Board, Day or Week," "Meals at all Hours," and "Washing Done Here." However, I got one of these beastly things and put it in the parlor window, where it seemed to monopolize the whole front of the house.

After that my life became a burden. The first woman wanted to know, among five hundred other things, what rent we were paying. That was too much. "I would be obliged if you would confine yourself to business," I said, as calmly as possible.

What business was it of hers what rent we were paying? Mr. Jones saw something to laugh at when I told him about it. But men always laugh where there's nothing to laugh at, and when you tell them something perfectly killing they look at you as solemn as owls and say: "Well, is there anything funny in that?"

One supercilious woman brought a dirty little boy with her. They hadn't been in the house a minute when I caught the young one climbing on to the piano from a rocking-chair. "You young monkey," I said, and jerked him down quicker than he'd ever been pulled off a piano in his life.

"I wish you good afternoon, ma'am," said the lady, putting on grand air; "I had my doubts before I came as to the respectability of this neighborhood and I will say that they need no further confirmation. Good afternoon."

"I'm sorry you can't stay," I said, "for I'm sure you'd have liked to see the bath-room. Besides, it would have been such a novelty for your dear little boy." I think I just about got even with her.

One day a middle-aged lady came. She looked the house over from attic to cellar. She came the next day and brought her husband. They were very anxious to make sure that we had all the modern conveniences—that there were two taps to the bath and not merely one; that the parlor grate was real and capable of containing a fire; that the cellar had a concrete floor; that there was a side entrance, kitchen stairs and a back yard. They looked rather doubtful when I told them that we hadn't hot and cold steam. Finally they said they'd think about it. Next day they brought a couple of friends and went all over the house again.

Next day two different friends came to look over "Mrs. Smith's new house," presumably by invitation of Mrs. Smith. That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the three Misses Smith and the younger Master Smith gathered, with three friends of the family, in our front parlor, and agreed that, on the whole, the house would do.

On the fourth day came Master Smith and two of the Misses Smith to reclaim those everlasting boxes in the garret, and to say that "Ma" Smith had found another house that suited her better.

However, we did let the house in the end. We were to move out on a Thursday, as the family who were coming in had to vacate their premises on the Friday. But the man—Mr. Jenkins—thought it was unlucky to move on Friday. And so on Thursday morning, when we were carrying out our effects to the wagon, along came a big moving-van with Mr. Jenkins's furniture.

Never in my life have I seen such a scene of confusion and turmoil. As fast as the Jenkins's stuff was unloaded and placed at the side of the road, our expressman would load it into our carts. Our best bedstead was carried in and out of the house three times—out, three times, by us; in, twice, by the Jenkinses. It began to look as if they were trying to steal our furniture, and I'm sure Mrs. Jenkins sent her husband out to watch every article that was put into our vans.

The day nearly put an end to me, and Mr. Jones says he'll never move again as long as he lives. But he has said that every time we have moved, so far, and I expect that he will say it often in the future.

S. H.

Kipling's Hallucination.

"Kipling put his foot in it, didn't he, when he referred to Canada as Our Lady of the Snows?"

"Yes. Whatever put it into his head that snow ever snows in Canada?"

His Terrible Respiration.

Professor—Do you know, my boy, that every time you draw a breath somebody dies?

Youth—Get out! I'm not so dangerous as all that. But say, if it's true, the Greeks ought to send for me.

His Only Chance.

"How do you stand on the Sunday car question?"

"I'm in favor of 'em. I want to see how it feels to get a seat in a car without having to give it up to a woman with an armful of bargains."

A Guest of Washington

From Short Stories.

"THE Marquis de Kerabecel!"

George Washington looked enquiringly at Colonel Fenton, who sat at his right hand in the dining-hall at Mount Vernon.

It was after six o'clock and the guests had been seated at the table for more than two hours. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room and Washington, two ex-officers of the late war and three of the Virginia gentry were lingering at the table over their wine and gossip. Charles Carlyle had been entertaining the President with an account of a recent fox hunt, from which Washington had been debarred on account of an attack of rheumatism.

"We found a fox just back of Muddy Hole plantation," Carlyle was saying. "After a chase of an hour and a quarter we ran him into a hollow stump. We took the dogs off and put up another which we killed in an open field, every rider and dog being in at the death. It was a—"

Here the speaker had been interrupted by the announcement, made by a colored servant, that "the Marquis de Kerabecel, officer of the French Guards," presented his compliments to President Washington and craved the hospitality of Mount Vernon.

Washington sat at the head of the table, his hair carefully powdered. A plain drab coat, white waistcoat and frilled shirt front exhibited the simple elegance that resulted from the care and good taste the President always expended upon his attire. His strong, phlegmatic face was slightly flushed and his eyes, not always animated, glanced searchingly at Colonel Fenton.

"I don't remember the name, Your Excellency," remarked Fenton musingly. "But that fact proves nothing. The disorder existing in Paris during my visit to that unhappy city is sufficient explanation of my inability to identify the title of the Marquis—de—"

"The Marquis de Kerabecel," repeated Washington, turning to the servant who had announced the visitor and saying:

"Express to the Marquis my pleasure at his arrival and ask him to join us at our wine." The long candles had been lighted at dusk and the dining-hall had assumed an appearance of picturesque splendor, heightened by the deep shadows that lurked in the distant corners of the room. The President and his guests had turned their faces toward the open door through which the unexpected visitor was to make his entrance. Suddenly the bewigged and wine-touched Americans arose as one man, their host towering above them at the head of the table. The figure approaching them from the shadows at the end of the hall commanded their instant respect. Below the medium height, his attire evidently travel-worn, there was still something in the outward seeming of the Marquis de Kerabecel that drew from the courteous, hospitable but somewhat suspicious Virginians an immediate recognition of their guest's claim to consideration.

"You will accept my humble apology for this unceremonious interruption, Monsieur le President, will you not?" asked the Marquis in a voice that, in spite of its gentleness, contained a peculiar quality that thrilled his hearers instantly. His face, clean-cut, thin but symmetrical, wore a strange pallor, heightened by the darkness from which it seemed to emerge. He entered the flickering circle of candle-light and stood for a moment, bowing courteously, at the foot of the disordered dining-table.

Washington, never a ready speaker, hesitated for a moment. Then he said, as if with an effort:

"You are very welcome to Mount Vernon, Monsieur le Marquis de Kerabecel. May I have the pleasure of placing you at my right hand?"

"Monsieur le President is too kind," returned the Marquis, showing his perfect teeth by a slight smile, and nervously flicking an atom of dust from the velvet edge of his coat sleeve. "The late guest deserves nothing but the foot of the board. Furthermore, messieurs, I have already dined. A glass of wine is all that I crave."

Washington and his guests had reseated themselves and a servant, at a gesture from the host, had placed a glass and a bottle of Madeira beside the French nobleman. For a moment there reigned an awkward silence in the hall.

"Permit me to propose a toast," said the President, gazing earnestly at the white-faced foreigner at the further end of the board.

"Gentlemen, I give you 'France'!"

The toast was drunk standing, the Marquis de Kerabecel bowing and smiling graciously as he touched his pale lips to the rare vintage.

"France," my poor, unhappy France, I drink, Monsieur le President!" exclaimed the Frenchman, still standing after the Virginians had reseated themselves. "May she dry the blood-stains on her white robe and learn to smile again!" He placed a thin, delicately shaped hand to his neck, as if to conceal a scar upon which all eyes had been fixed for a time. From the shadows came a stifled sound, as if a negro had suppressed an exclamation of dismay.

"If you will permit me, messieurs," went on the Marquis, making a sweeping gesture with his long nervous hand as he reseated himself and glanced around the board with shifty eyes that seemed to be forever seeking something they could not find, "if you will permit me, I will tell you a tale of France—a tale of weeping France to-day. You must see, messieurs,"

he went on, pointing toward the gloomy recesses beyond the circle of dancing lights and shadows, "you must see a great square in the center of beautiful Paris. Behold, there stands the mistress of the mob, Mame'selle La Guillotine!"

Straining eyes had followed the uncanny Frenchman's gesture and pale, drawn faces testified to his weird power. To the overwrought men at the table a ghastly picture, framed by dark clouds, met their gaze and they saw a vision of Paris in the days of blood; the guillotine, its victims and the maddened crowd of white-faced men and leering women that had grown hungry overnight for the sight of headless trunks. A man and woman, haughtily erect, looked down from that awful machine upon the blood-besotted throng and the face of the woman, cold, calm and clearly defined, was

wondrous beautiful with youth and pride. The features of her companion could not be plainly seen, but the awed and silent Virginians observed that he was short in stature, graceful in contour and fearless in his bearing. From this shadow-picture they could not turn their eyes, but they heard the voice of the Frenchman, broken now and again by suppressed sobs, saying:

"She was young and joyous, a bride who had wedded the man she loved. Their crime was this. The blood for which the mob—insatiate, implacable—cried out had flowed in noble veins. A gentle woman, a courteous, kindly man, a wife and husband just tasting the joys of perfect love, must die to dull for a moment the ghastly appetite of a people mad and murderous."

There was silence in the hall for a moment. From the shadows subdued groans died away as the negroes huddled together, tremulous, hysterical.

Suddenly the vision passed and Washington and his guests found themselves gazing at the Frenchman, standing at the foot of the table. He had placed upon the board a quaintly wrought silver snuffbox from which he deftly transferred a pinch of powdered tobacco to his thin nostrils.

"Beware the mob," he cried in a voice that stirred the souls of his hearers like a trumpet-call. "Beware the mob! Here in this new world, messieurs, ye love the People, and ye have made the People king. I say to you, beware! Far into the future it is granted me to gaze and I see a vision that ye may not look upon. But heed my words! Beware the mob, for the mob loves blood as I—I, Le Marquis de Kerabecel—and my sweet wife know well. I go, my friends! I thank you all, and once again I say, Beware the mob!"

He passed from their sight as he spoke. Washington's lips, firm-set when the bullets whizzed, trembled as he gazed across the table and saw that his uncanny guest had faded from his sight.

"A ghost," whispered Carlyle, and a negro laughed wildly.

"A ghost!" cried Colonel Fenton. "But how like ye this?" He had stretched his arm toward the foot of the table and seized a silver snuffbox that lay beside a half-filled champagne glass. With trembling hand the soldier held the finely-chased bauble beneath the candle-light. Upon the lid he read the words: "Le Marquis de Kerabecel, Bretagne."

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

The Wildflower.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, pluck not, fair maid, the first blossoms of May,
That nod to the silver brook's sound.

That raise a glad face to the sun's early ray
And deck with bright colors the ground!

The bee and the butterfly here sup their fill.
The winds kiss my face as they blow;

They bid me live on. Quaff my sweets if you will,
But treat me as butterflies do.

Oh, maiden, the life of a flower is so free!
Brief, simple, and golden and gay!

My sweet little sisters—oh, leave them with me!
Were babes at the peep o' the day.

You want me, I know, in your bosom to lie,
To press to your lips that are sweet;

You'd tire of me soon, and would then toss me by
To wither and die on the street.

While warm in earth's breast I may nestle and bloom;
Oh, earth is sad, dreary and lone,

The bright, empty hours cannot lighten her gloom,
When I and my sisters are gone!

So take not the flower from the hillside away,
For dear is this day of our birth;

Oh, leave them deep hid in the greenwood to play,
To gladden the bosom of earth!

T. B. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Honeymoon Confessions.

Black and White.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Charles, a noodle; Florence, a girl.

SCENE: Hired brougham traveling along road from country town to main line station. In front—White favors. Behind—A slipper dangling. Within brougham—At back, to the right, Charles seated; at left, Florence ditto.

Charles (with forced jocularity): What a lot of rice they gave us; one went up my nose. Florence (laughs nervously): Not really.

Charles (fact (moves toward her): Darling—darling! at last it's over. Why, what's the matter?

Florence: The Browns. They gave me the coffee roaster—the big one. (She tries hard not to see them, then grins fervently and bows through window. Charles takes off his hat. Rice shoots from him into handbag.)

Charles (shifting along seat): Now we are out of the town, darling, there's something I want to tell you—what's—

Florence: The Cheesers. They gave me the other china dog. (Smiles ecstatically and bows and makes little noises.)

Charles: Any more? (Looks forward out of window R.) And now, darling, there is something I want to tell you of very much. I have put it off till now because I made up my mind I would not tell you till we were married, darling; so I haven't; but I can't wait any longer. Do you know—(parasol slips down, they both snatch at it and she hits him). Oh, I hope I haven't hurt you, darling?

Florence: No, dear. (Moves her feet a little, then plays with window strap.)

Charles: Well, you know when I first met you on board the Peninsula?

Florence: Yes. (Plaits window strap very neatly.)

Charles: Why do you think I traveled in her, darling?

Florence (much occupied with her plaiting): I don't know.

Charles: Why, because—(rather bothered—then blurts out)—darling—darling, I want to tell you I am a rich man; I've got twenty times the estate I told you of. My property at Rottingbridge alone is—Why, what's the matter, Flo?

Florence (constrainedly): Nothing. (Undoes all her work and begins anew.)

Charles: Well, but aren't you surprised, darling?

Florence: Oh, yes. Very, very. (Looks up at him a moment.)

Charles (close to her and reaching to prevent hat-box from falling off seat): Darling—darling, I was tired of all the girls running after



Inhabitants of the other city that shares with Toronto the distinction of having no Sunday cars.

me; I wanted to find someone who would love me for myself alone, so—what do you think? I traveled incog., don't you know, so as I should meet girls who knew nothing about me. That's why I was on the Peninsula, see? I wanted to travel, and I met you at the very first, didn't I, darling? I hardly thought I should be able to keep the secret from you so long. But, darling, darling, what's the matter?

Florence (very self-conscious; minutely arranges fringe): N—nothing.

Charles: Flo, there is. Why aren't you surprised and happy? I'm a rich man, I tell you—seventeen thousand a year and two houses. Darling—darling, look at me—your own husband. (Florence sighs, smiles a little and pulls nervously at fringe.) Flo!

Florence (flings away window strap and puts her arms around Charles): Oh, I'm so glad you told me now; I couldn't bear to wait. I should have had to tell you of my own accord. It was mamma, really; it wasn't me. You'll forgive me, won't you? Say you'll forgive me, Charlie!

Charles: Florence! (Holds away in horrid anticipation.)

Florence: Oh, don't look like that at me! Charlie, dear, you won't mind—it was mamma's doing. We knew all about you—or nearly all; we thought it was fifteen thousand. You see, we lived seven years at Rottingbridge; mamma heard somehow that you were going by the Peninsula, and so she took tickets. I didn't know then—of course, I knew by mamma that something was in hand, but I didn't know it was you, really and truly, until we were on board. You see—oh, here's the station, and why are the people laughing so? Oh, they are laughing at us! Charlie!

Charles: They've tied a slipper on! Damn! Florence: Oh!

How Old Joe Slowcome Was Almost Converted.

REV. W. TINDALL of Walkerton, Ont., sends us the following curious and amusing occurrence, vouching for the truth of everything in it except the names:

"It was in the early sixties that I was stationed at— in Western Ontario. Amongst an interesting membership was a Mrs. —, who was esteemed by all as an earnest Christian. She was not rich, and lived in a small frame house in the country. She had no family to support excepting her husband, a very good-natured man and also very corpulent, too lazy to be either pious or sinful, and fond of eating, smoking and telling yarns. His wife and others often talked to him about 'mending his ways,' but could not make the least impression upon him.

"A little time previous to my settlement as a minister in that locality, a very nice, agreeable and gentlemanly man, well educated, who had spent several years in school-teaching in another part of the province, purchased a neighboring farm and commenced a business entirely new to him. This was about the time of the advent of coal-oil. This tyro in farming, whom we shall call Mr. Serious Tallman, went to London and purchased a gallon of coal-oil. The grocer excited him by telling him of so many uses to which this wonderful new oil could be applied. Among other valuable properties was that of killing insects on trees and animals. Mr. Tallman had a calf that was lousy, and the very next day he sallied out into the barnyard, oil-can and brush in hand, and smeared the calf all over with oil, watching with satisfaction how quickly it killed the lice. A new thought entered his mind, viz., to test the inflammability of this oil. Taking a match from his vest pocket and striking it, he applied it to his calf, and was himself wonderfully struck to see the calf enveloped in flame in a trice. It naturally made for the straw-stack, and Mr. Tallman, with great difficulty, turned its course in another direction, for it was not pleasant work to handle a calf all afire, and that without gloves. Quicker than John Gilpin's steed, away went the calf down the lane into the public road. Old Joe Slowcome was standing outside his gate, pipe in his mouth, in quiet meditation, when he heard an unearthly noise and saw this infernal animal, as he thought, all ablaze, with tail erect, snorting and bleating, going in a bee-line for him. For the first time in many years 'he got on a move' and ran to the house, crying:

"O, wife, wife, pray for me! Just as I expected! It is all over with me! The devil has come for me at last." Almost dying with fear, while praying vociferously for mercy, he rolled under the bed while the horrid vision passed by. It was, with him, 'a time long to be remembered.'"

An Outside View.

The traveling correspondent of *Presto*, a musical journal published in Chicago, visited Toronto a few days ago, arriving here on a Sunday train. The absence of street cars strongly impressed him and he says in his paper: "On the 15th instant a popular vote is to be taken on the Sunday street car question, and though the fight will be a bitter one, it can hardly be doubted that the common sense of the 'fors' will triumph over the 'antis.' It seems absurd that a city of such magnificent distances should be without street car conveniences on Sunday; all the more absurd because of the beautiful rural surroundings of Toronto: delightful healthful resorts where the cooped up poor of the city could recruit their flagging energies once a week."

He Makes Lawyers Fast.

CHIEF JUSTICE ARMOUR has a reputation among the lawyers of the province as the "judge who scarcely ever needs to eat." It is understood that he does eat, but it is known that he never allows the recreation of dining to interfere with the business of any court over which he presides. Last week Judge Falconbridge was conducting the assizes at Hamilton but found it necessary to go on to Brantford, leaving the Hamilton assizes unfinished, and so Chief Justice Armour went up to the Ambitious City to finish the docket.

"Tut, tut," said the Chief Justice, "why are all these remanets on the list? There shall be no adjournments for luncheon and the court shall sit until seven p.m. each evening. The circumstances are special and we must make progress."

"Does that order apply to a man who has had no breakfast?" plaintively enquired B. B. Osler, Q.C.

"The law does not take cognizance of such a matter as breakfast," replied the Chief Justice, and the Q.C., fearing possibly that the Court might rule that to eat at all was irregular, if not illegal, dropped the point.

"I see about thirteen remanets on the list," said the Chief Justice. "I'm always running up against remanets, no matter where I go. I never left a remanet in my life, and I see no excuse for it."

It is understood that Chief Justice Armour only indulges in two meals a day, one before his day's duties begin and the other after they have closed, and so is prepared to work away for eight or ten hours continuously if need be, and it has been suggested that it was to repress his unlimited ardor that a special act was passed regulating the hours of court sittings. Wise lawyers should put a cracker and a piece of dried beef in their brief-bags when attending his courts.

Something.

HE THREW the book aside, for his spirit was tired of shadows and filled with a wonderful longing for something which books could not give—something—something—something—a beautiful, passionate Something—not found in the pages of books.

He picked up his pen and looked at it curiously. This was the weapon with which he must conquer the world and woo the affections of men. This was the tool of his craft, with which he would record the delicate contrivances of thought and weave into coherent forms those mental jewels; those intellectual delicacies; those precious pearls thrown from the soul's deep sea; those flaming thoughts forged in the spirit's fire; those subtle strains of music rare and splendid which trembled in golden chords on the melodious soul—the little pen would tell them all to men, and from its quivering point the hot electric stream of pain and passion, love and joy and sorrow, in lava streams of many-hued emotion, would pass forth to the world and win him something—something—something—a passionate, beautiful

Something not found in the pages of books.

He walked to the window and looked out. There was the world, his kingdom or his grave—the beautiful, hideous world; the temple of delight and home of misery; the battle-field and resting-place of all—out there the fight was going on, the everlasting fight of strength and weakness, truth and falsehood, light and darkness. The faint east wind that fanned his face brought to his ears the sound of many voices—the voices of men and women and little children—happy voices, woe-filled voices, cruel voices, gentle voices, groans and laughter, joy and sorrow, strangely blended out there in the battle-field of life. Why was he lingering in his study when the fight was on? He must go out and struggle with them, for there perhaps among the toiling millions—perhaps in a cottage, perhaps in a palace, out on the stormy sea maybe, or in some quiet valley, in the heat of the battle or in the peace beyond the storm—he might find that something—something—something—the passionate, beautiful Something he could not find in books.

The perfume of the flowers of the world came sweetly on the breeze towards him, filling his heart with the passion and fever of living; the wish, the desire and the craving to venture out and pluck each little flower in the roseate garden of the world—to pluck and kiss each perfect little flower, to deck himself with all the flowers of joy. The shadows of the study were behind him, the joys of life before. His many-colored soul was all aflame with passionate desire for life and joy; and far beyond the dreaming and the toiling, sweet-thrilling on the surface of the breeze, he hears the voice and sees the eyes of something—something—something—a passionate, beautiful Something not found in the pages of books.

Toronto, May, 1897.

CAULS.

The Imitative Quality.

TO that far-distant region lying below Hudson Bay a fur-trader took his Boston bride, and on the following Sunday proudly led her to the seat of honor in the little chapel, says the *Youth's Companion*. The congregation, to be sure, consisted chiefly of converted Eskimos, but there were a few English and American residents, and the natives, as the story will show, were not unappreciative.

The bride was dressed in the voluminous fashion of thirty years ago. A generous circle, indeed, would have been required to outline her skirts, and a coquettish little veil shaded the upper half of her pretty face.

Entranced sat the Eskimo women, but with the call to prayer their heads bent reverently in the customary attitude of worship. Were they following the earnest words of the minister? Were their petitions rising with his? On the contrary, all the women were busily engaged in dragging forward to the tips of their noses the nets which, after long urging, the missionaries had induced them to adopt to confine their flowing hair. The veil of the bride had demoralized their religious devotion.

Such was the honesty of these Hudson Bay Indians that never but once did the missionaries lose any possessions by theft. The week following this memorable Sabbath the Americans could not keep a barrel for themselves, even the one devoted to ashes falling apart one night because its hoops had been purloined. Where they went, however, the former possessors had abundant evidence at the next chapel service.

It is not alone among primitive peoples that the imitative quality is prominent. After Fox made his brilliant speeches in Parliament it was the fashion, even as far as Paris, to be a thinking man—to think like Fox; while the story of some haughty Lady Imogen or of a wrecker of the West has ruined many a young follower. It is by imitation of what is trivial and false, or of what is beautiful and good, that we descend or mount a few steps toward the likeness of what we admire.

The Proofreader's Nemesis.

Typographical Journal.

"What's the matter?" enquired the foreman, as he entered the sanctum for copy and noted the editor's bleeding nose, swollen forehead, puffed, red eye and tattered, dusty coat. "Fall downstairs?" "No—only that," replied the editor, pointing with his finger to a paragraph in the paper before him. "It's in our account of the Crapley-Smith wedding. It ought to read, 'Miss Smith's dimpled, shining face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's strong, bold physiognomy.' But see how it was printed." And the foreman read, "Miss Smith's pimpled, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's stony, bald physiognomy." "Crapley was just in here," continued the editor, throwing one blood-streaked handkerchief into the wastebasket and feeling in his pockets for a clean one, "and he—just said that fool of a proofreader in here! There's fight left in me yet!"

Ordinary Bicycle Face.

Leslie's Weekly.

Handel Barr—Tyre has the most aggravated case of bicycle face I ever saw.

Wheeler—Since when? He was all right the last time I saw him.

Handel Barr—I don't know how long; but yesterday he had the face to try to borrow my wheel for a four days' trip into the country.

A Thoughtful Child.

"What are you doing, you young rascal?" said a farmer to a small boy under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand.

"Please, sir, I was just going to put this 'ere apple on the tree, sir! It got broke off, sir."

Formal Religion.

This mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god.
—Shakespeare.

"What a desirable thing it is to have a friend you can trust!" said R. "Yes," replied S.—"or one that will trust you."

Prospective Purchaser—You say he's a savage watch-dog? Owner—Yes, indeed. "But how am I to know this?" "Try 'im; jest go outside with me and climb in at that winder!"—*Chicago Record*.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.TELEPHONES—Editorial Rooms..... No. 282
Business Office..... No. 1709Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:
One Year..... \$2 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS

VOL. X] TORONTO, MAY 8, 1897 [No. 25



THE DRAMA

THE Toronto Opera House with this week commences a season of light opera which, if found to "go," will be carried on through the summer. This is a contingency to be ardently hoped for. If the support continues as strong as it was on opening night, last Monday, there is no fear as far as the "go" is concerned, and doubtless the coming hot season will see a theater open and flourishing in Toronto for the first time under such circumstances. Said Pasha has been sung to good houses. Monday night almost every seat in the house was sold and occupied. It is rather unfortunate that a stronger piece than the one chosen was not put on to create the first impression. Said Pasha is very weak musically when compared with other comic operas recently heard here. If one of the ever-delightful Gilbert and Sullivan pieces, several of which are to be produced later in the series, had been selected for the opening performance, it would have done more to arouse popular anticipations in a season of comic operas at popular prices. But of course Said Pasha was selected as the opening attraction because it is new to Toronto.

A good comic opera, to the average taste, the most enjoyable form of theatrical amusement. It contains fun and music, and provides a kind of excuse for frivolities that are inconsistent and absurd in drama. The singing covers all exaggerations of acting—in fact, the wildest kind of ranting and gestures only helps to bring out the full expression of the music. What more can an ordinary man or woman want? She can have her feelings touched by the sentimental songs and musical raptures, while he can have his sense of humor tickled by the funny passages between the songs and choruses. The man has generally an added interest in the shape of pretty girls. While the Madison Square Opera Co. is well enough off in this particular, in its other scenic effects it seems rather plain to those who were dazzled by the gorgeousness of the Mandarin and the Geisha.

In listening to the various parts of Said Pasha one gets a promise of good things in store when the stronger and more musical pieces in the company's repertoire are produced. William Riley Hatch, who takes the part of Hassan Bey, the officer of the guard, has a pleasing baritone voice and a fine figure. Miss Lizzie Gonzales as Serena, the Pasha's daughter, displays not only a clear soprano, but gives evidence of that magnetism and winsomeness which are naturally looked for in the soubrette. Of Julia Calhoun, the contralto, it is impossible to judge, as her part in Said Pasha is small and uninteresting. Edwin Palfrey and Al. Leech are funny, though they evidently can be more funny in less farcical and more humorous parts. Of the songs the most pleasing and tuneful are the quintette, Life is Sunny Only While Love is Young, and the duet between Hassan Bey and Serena, though to tell the truth, the piece contains very few catchy or pretty songs. This is a very grave matter. A man doesn't get the worth of his money unless he carries away with him something to prove he was there and is up to date. He should be able to add a bar or two to those whistled by someone across the street. It is a mystic bond of fellowship between them. If a song is catchy the air generally comes back to him the next morning, and he whistles it till his lips crack. Ten to one he goes to the show a second time, to make sure whether something or other is D sharp or E natural. The chorus in Said Pasha displayed strength and sonority, and will doubtless improve after it gets into the full swing. Altogether the company gives signs of maintaining a strong drawing attraction when, as I said before, they broach the good stuff a little deeper in the bin.

The three performances advertised for Friday night, Saturday afternoon and evening at the Princess Theater, are taking place at the Grand Opera House instead, the stage of the latter house being found much better adapted to the scenery and requirements of the productions. The programme is, Friday night, Damon and Pythias; Saturday matinee, Colleen Dawn, and Saturday night, Doris. These plays are being put on under the direction of Mr. H. N. Shaw, and he has some very clever supporters. I am unable in this issue to comment upon these performances, owing to the fact that they are presented so late in the week, but I am sure they will be attractively put on and skillfully played.

Next season Lewis Morrison will be seen in

two new plays, the Privateer, and Stuart Den-ville, Gentleman. It is stated that he has dropped Faust, but it is likely that he will always keep it up his sleeve.

Augustus Thomas is writing two new plays, one for Charles Hopper, with Chimmie Fadden as a plumber with "some social prestige," and another entitled Treadway of Yale, for Nat Goodwin.

There is a sudden demand for stage versions of Henry Esmond, a work which real admirers of Thackeray would prefer to have spared from the theatrical adapters. F. R. Benson has lately produced an "Esmond" play in England. E. H. Sothern is to produce another next fall, with Virginia Harned, presumably, as "My own dear lady," though in Benson's version Beatrix and Esmond are married and the sweet dowager has a secondary place in the plot. Another dramatization, in which Anne Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) has had a hand, is mentioned in some of the London newspapers.

The most flattering success, both in point of attendance and the artistic merit of the programme presented, attended Mr. Owen A. Smily's recital last week in Association Hall. Mr. Smily's unique sketches are absolutely inimitable, and the fact that they please everywhere testifies to their literary merit and his production of them before the public. Very few of our reciters take the trouble to present such a strong list of assisting talent, or to go beyond the city of Toronto in order to procure the best obtainable. Miss Virginia Nina Eastman of Detroit won the immediate attention and sympathy of the audience. Besides having a really wonderful voice and knowing how to use it, she imparts an added charm to such songs as admit of it by the introduction of just sufficient impersonation to make them realistic. Her rendition of DeKoven's Marjorie and The Last Rose of Summer was superb. She received some handsome floral tributes and was tendered double recalls to all her songs. Better known are Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. G. Arthur Depew, old Toronto boys, though now of Detroit. Mr. Jarvis is always good and he was



Miss Virginia Nina Eastman.

at his best that evening. Depew, though one of the youngest, is at the same time one of the most respected musicians in Detroit. He wields the baton of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. As an accompanist he has few equals. The entire affair reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Smily and the other artists.

SPORTING COMMENT

LETTER has reached me from Mr. H. J. P. Good, in reply to my comments in last week's issue upon the Toronto and Tecumseh lacrosse clubs. Mr. Good is one of the fairest and one of the best informed writers on sporting topics in all Canada, and I regret that the length of his letter—nearly two columns in our type—makes it impossible for me to publish it. But as the letter reached me in the shape of two proofs pulled from type, I think the public need not despair of seeing it printed in full in some other paper. I hope that the letter will be published and read, because it is calculated to do good. For myself I wish to say that the writer of it does me one injustice in supposing that I was "primed" by some supporter of the Tecumsehs. I had no conversation whatever with any supporter of that club or with any other person in regard to the subject, but, being an old lacrosse player myself, and having followed the game since I ceased active play, my opinions naturally took form in the paragraph of last week. I have frequently seen the Toronto play in the past two years. And I have seen the Tecumsehs play also. My sympathies are now and have always been with the players and people who are trying to maintain those splendid sporting grounds at Rosedale. It would be a calamity were those grounds lost to sport. Those grounds, however, cannot be preserved by playing losing lacrosse there, and the press is not doing its duty to the sporting interests of the city when it mollycoddles a vacillating organization that will not stick to one policy for one month of a lacrosse season. I know a lacrosse team from a dozen clothes-pins. Last year the managers of the team started out with a given group of players, and, after losing a few games, announced a new policy: they would do as other clubs did, and so they induced players from Seaford, St. Catharines and other places to accept situations in town. Having done this, the manager, after losing a game, seemed to lose faith in the experiment, and soon the new men, or most of them, were dropped. Possibly the Toronto never put precisely the same twelve men in the field for any two games in succession last summer. Any lacrosse player in the country will support me in saying that that policy of change, creating a feeling of insecurity and dissatisfaction in

players while actually engaged in a match, is ruinous, and of itself more than half explains the failure of the Toronto. The club seems to have too many managers. If it had a strong manager who would now pick the fifteen best men he could find and begin to train and organize them, paying no attention to advisers with "new policies," but sticking to his men and building up team-play, mutual confidence and general enthusiasm would develop a team before the season passes. The men who go on the field are the men who are most anxious to win, and if they are given a chance, will train and work like beavers to get up winning speed; but if half the team is liable to walk the plank after any game, when they work without reward or thanks, what can anyone expect? I have nothing to do with the Tecumsehs and take no interest in the team only in so far as it plays good lacrosse. My sympathies are entirely with those who are trying to make the Rosedale grounds a successful home for sport, but results have shown that the Toronto have been generated as poorly as were the Chinese in the war with Japan. I am glad to be assured by so capable a sporting man as Mr. Good that we may expect something better this season than last, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that profit has been extracted from the experiences of the last two seasons.

The now famous resolution of Ald. Preston requiring bicyclists to carry bells and lamps seems to me to be altogether uncalculated for, as the adoption of these articles instead of being an advantage would be a source of danger to both wheelmen and pedestrians. The noise made by the bells is confusing, and the lamps, for several reasons, are undesirable. No lamp can be depended upon to keep lighted when ridden over such rough pavements as we have at present in the city, and when it is lit, it confuses rather than aids pedestrians and approaching wheelmen. As an example of the confusion that would be caused by this innovation, one might imagine the corner of Spadina avenue and College street on a summer's night, with the continuous stream of cars, vehicles and wheels going north, south, east and west, if each wheel had a lamp and bell going at full blast. The corner would resemble a cross between an electric light works and the Bell Telephone "Central" office. The scheme of carrying lamps is in force, I understand, in New York, and the wheelmen who are arrested there for riding with them unlit are legion, although the excuse is invariably the same, viz., the lamp was lit when they started and went out through the jolting of the wheel over the rough pavements. Considering the number of wheels ridden in Toronto the accidents are of very rare occurrence, and the inclination to blame wheelmen as a class for the actions of a few scoundrels, who are as much a terror to their fellow cyclists as to those on foot, is greatly to be deprecated. Surely nobody wishes to unnecessarily harass bicyclists, and so until we have better pavements it would be impossible to keep lamps lit, and bells, in the opinion of many who don't use wheels, are more annoying than useful. I am not speaking selfishly, for I am on record as favoring a tax of one dollar on all bicycles owned and used in the city.

The following letter has come to hand from Warton, and it is but fair that I should give it room. It is rather unfortunate that the Warton and Owen Sound clubs carry rivalry a few inches too far:

DEAR SIR,—Some weeks ago we noticed in your usually accurate paper an item to the effect that the Warton Garnet Lacrosse Club were \$400 behind and would be unable to put a team in the field this year. Your information came from an Owen Sound paper, and we are pleased to say, is quite erroneous. The Garnets had a very successful season last year, beating the Owen Sound team regularly, and had a considerable surplus on hand when the district championship was won, and would have had ample funds to start this season had not the finals been delayed so late. The game at Collingwood was played in snow; the day at Stratford was even colder; our club had long distances to go and received practically no gate receipts, making a slight deficit, which has been met by the friends of the team. This season we start with ample funds on hand and will have a winning team in the field. Our team is backed financially by practically every business man in Warton. Being a prosperous town, it is easy to secure good situations, and manufacturers and others kindly give a preference to lacrosse players when needing a man. We draw big gates, and after paying rent of grounds, sticks bought, etc., we expect the team will be self-sustaining and be able in the fall to return the money now advanced. Warton is a good all-round town, and a player who has earned a name in lacrosse likes to be with the Garnets. Our only fear is that Owen Sound will not be able to put a team in the field to stay the season. We learn that that town is dissatisfied with the showing they made last season with the Garnets, and if they cannot put in a good enough team to play us reasonably close it will materially affect our gate receipts.

Miss Anne Peck of Boston recently accomplished the daring and hazardous feat of ascending the peak of Popocatepetl, one of the highest mountains in Mexico. The story of the journey, as told by her, is as follows: Leaving Mexico City by rail at 8 a.m., we reached Amecameca, a large village not far from the mountain, at 10. There came a three hours' horse-back ride before ascending the foothill. By 6 p.m. we had climbed 13,000 feet above the sea level, and there encamped for the night. At 6 o'clock next morning we mounted on our horses and rode to the base of the cone at Las Cruces, and at about 6.45 started upon the real climb. The crater was reached at 1 o'clock after a wearying struggle through sand and snow, during which much difficulty was experienced owing to the rarity of the air, and there a halt was called for rest before proceeding to the summit, 1,000 feet higher. Miss Peck has the honor of being the first woman to ascend the peak of Popocatepetl.

The regular American tennis season opened May 1 with the interscholastic events at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, U. of P., Columbia and U. of Chicago. The prospect of the sport on the other side of the line this year is not so bright at present as it has been in past years, owing chiefly to the announcement of retirements on the part of several of the high-ranking players, amongst whom is Carr Neel, who has been Western and North-Western champion for three successive years and who has

A Local Type.



"Excuse me," he said, "but really you are quite wrong. The thirteen thousand citizens who voted for cars last time are wrong—Hamilton, Ont., is wrong—the other towns in Canada that have cars are wrong—Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol, Liverpool, all the Christian cities of Great Britain and the world, and the people of those cities are all wrong. Believe me, I am right—quite right."

reached the semi-finals at Newport the last two years. Wrenn also talks of retiring, and this means that he will give up his chance of winning the Longwood cup, on which he has one leg, (having defeated Hovey last year) as well as his national title. There is also a rumor of Hovey retiring, which, if true, will leave Larned alone, of all the older players, and there will be the best opportunity of years for the younger men to seize laurels.

The Quebecs, Nationales, Sherbrookes, Young Shamrocks and Young Capitals form the Independent Intermediate Lacrosse League for 1897-8. The annual meeting was held in Montreal last Saturday, and the Montreal club dropping out, Sherbrooke was admitted. The Metropolitan of Ottawa applied for admission, and their application was strongly supported by the Young Capitals, but the other clubs favored Sherbrooke and would not consent to alter a six-club league or two three-club leagues, and the application was not entertained. It seems as if the Tecumsehs would have to confine themselves to exhibition games this year, as the only other combination possible, viz., St. Catharines, Metropolitan and Tecumsehs, does not seem likely to develop.

I am glad to learn from Mr. Stewart Houst's statement that the third Canadian Horse Show, which was held in the Armouries last week, was a financial success, although this result was only secured by economy of management, raring down of purses, and the liberality of a few public-spirited citizens, in addition to the provincial and civic grants. The value of the show to the horse-breeders of Canada has been shown by the improvement of this year's entries, the standard in the saddle and hunting classes being higher than ever. Whilst the show is apt to be looked upon as a society function its aims are far more reaching than that, having in view the encouragement of farmers and breeders of Canada to produce the best type of horse.

The spring meeting of the Fort Erie Jockey Club will take place at Fort Erie, Ont., "on the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, N.Y.," from June 16 to July 5. For the benefit of Mr. Kipling and our foreign readers, I may say that these are not ice races "on the Niagara River," but track events on the shores of that stream.

The opening games in Toronto of the Canadian League are advertised to be played May 14 and 15 in Baseball Park over the Don, Toronto, rs. Hamilton. Manager Maddock's new men have arrived, and he expects his team to take a leading position from the start.

The Toronto team in the Eastern League is playing a more consistent game than any other team in the group—losing the first five matches of the season without a skip. But we must not expect too much from a new team with a new manager, until the season gets under way. Irwin has a good record as a baseball manager and will try very hard to keep up his reputation. The first home game at Hanlan's Point will be played May 20. THE UMPIRE.

A Cutting Criticism, Anyway.

Sydney Bulletin.

Some irreverent vandal has jabbed a penknife several times into the oil-painting of the late J. B. Patterson, in Melbourne National Gallery. It is not known whether the culprit is a political or an art enthusiast.

He Was Just an Anti.

"What is your husband's politics?" asked the new neighbor.
"Jim?" said the lady addressed. "Jim? He's an anti."
"Anti what?"
"No; not anti-what; just an anti. He's agin anything that happens to be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Sign "To Let."

Being a Few of the Experiences of Mrs. Jones.

NOW I'm not saying anything against the house. The house was all right. It was simply a spirit of unrest that gets into one's bones in the spring, and so we decided we'd like to move—or rather I decided that we'd like to move. Mr. Jones said—but what does a mere husband matter? The only thing I couldn't get over was his obstinacy in refusing to pay two rents at once. Our lease wasn't up and if we moved we'd still have to go on paying rent on the old house—provided, of course, it wasn't let in the meantime. So I resolved on heroic measures.

I have always thought that a card in the window, among the curtains and geraniums, with the bold sign "To Let," was a most insufferably vulgar affair. It reminds one of those other signs, "Rooms to Let," "Board, Day or Week," "Meals at all Hours," and "Washing Done Here." However, I got one of these beastly things and put it in the parlor window, where it seemed to monopolize the whole front of the house.

After that my life became a burden. The first woman wanted to know, among five hundred other things, what rent we were paying. That was too much. "I would be obliged if you would confine yourself to business," I said, as calmly as possible.

What business was it of hers what rent we were paying? Mr. Jones saw something to laugh at when I told him about it. But men always laugh where there's nothing to laugh at, and when you tell them something perfectly killing they look at you as solemn as owls and say: "Well, is there anything funny in that?"

One supercilious woman brought a dirty little boy with her. They hadn't been in the house a minute when I caught the young one climbing on to the piano from a rocking-chair. "You young monkey," I said, and jerked him down quicker than he'd ever been pulled off a piano in his life.

"I wish you good afternoon, ma'am," said the lady, putting on grand air; "I had my doubts before I came as to the respectability of this neighborhood and I will say that they need no further confirmation. Good afternoon."

"I'm sorry you can't stay," I said, "for I'm sure you'd have liked to see the bath-room. Besides, it would have been such a novelty for your dear little boy." I think I just about got even with her.

One day a middle-aged lady came. She looked the house over from attic to cellar. She came the next day and brought her husband. They were very anxious to make sure that we had all the modern conveniences—that there were two taps to the bath and not merely one; that the parlor grate was real and capable of containing a fire; that the cellar had a concrete floor; that there was a side entrance, kitchen stairs and a back yard. They looked rather doubtful when I told them that we hadn't hot and cold steam. Finally they said they'd think about it. Next day they brought a couple of friends and went all over the house again.

Next day two different friends came to look over "Mrs. Smith's new house," presumably by invitation of Mrs. Smith. That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the three Misses Smith and the younger Master Smith gathered, with three friends of the family, in our front parlor, and agreed that, on the whole, the house would do.

They sent over two boxes, asking "if we'd be so kind as to allow them to be stored in the attic." What could I say? They were carried to the garret by the younger members of the Smith family. Next day Master Smith came to get something out of the boxes in the attic. Next day a man came to measure the parlor for a carpet, and some more things came to be put in the boxes in the garret. Several friends called to see if the Smiths had moved in yet.

On the fourth day came Master Smith and two of the Misses Smith to reclaim those everlasting boxes in the garret, and to say that "Ma" Smith had found another house that suited her better.

However, we did let the house in the end. We were to move out on a Thursday, as the family who were coming in had to vacate their premises on the Friday. But the man—a Mr. Jenkins—thought it was unlucky to move on Friday. And so on Thursday morning, when we were carrying out our effects to the wagon, along came a big moving-van with Mr. Jenkins's furniture.

Never in my life have I seen such a scene of confusion and turmoil. As fast as the Jenkins's stuff was unloaded and placed at the side of the road, our expressman would load it into our carts. Our best bedstead was carried in and out of the house three times—out, three times, by us; in, twice, by the Jenkinses. It began to look as if they were trying to steal our furniture, and I'm sure Mrs. Jenkins sent her husband out to watch every article that was put into our vans.

The day nearly put an end to me, and Mr. Jones says he'll never move again as long as he lives. But he has said that every time we have moved, so far, and I expect that he will say it often in the future. S. H.

Kipling's Hallucination.

"Kipling put his foot in it, didn't he, when he referred to Canada as Our Lady of the Snows?"
"Yes. Whatever put it into his head that snow ever snows in Canada?"

His Terrible Respiration.

Professor—Do you know, my boy, that every time you draw a breath somebody dies?
Youth—Get out! I'm not so dangerous as all that. But say, if it's true, the Greeks ought to send for me.

His Only Chance.

"How do you stand on the Sunday car question?"
"I'm in favor of 'em. I want to see how it feels to get a seat in a car without having to give it up to a woman with an armful of bargains."

A Guest of Washington

From Short Stories.

"THE Marquis de Kerabeclec!"

George Washington looked enquiringly at Colonel Fenton, who sat at his right hand in the dining-hall at Mount Vernon. It was after six o'clock and the guests had been seated at the table for more than two hours. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room and Washington, two ex-officers of the late war and three of the Virginia gentry were lingering at the table over their wine and gossip. Charles Carlyle had been entertaining the President with an account of a recent fox hunt, from which Washington had been debarred on account of an attack of rheumatism.

"We found a fox just back of Muddy Hole plantation," Carlyle was saying. "After a chase of an hour and a quarter we ran him into a hollow stump. We took the dogs off and put up another which we killed in an open field, every rider and dog being in at the death. It was a—"

Here the speaker had been interrupted by the announcement, made by a colored servant, that "the Marquis de Kerabeclec, officer of the French Guards," presented his compliments to President Washington and craved the hospitality of Mount Vernon.

Washington sat at the head of the table, his hair carefully powdered. A plain drab coat, white waistcoat and frilled shirt front exhibited the simple elegance that resulted from the care and good taste the President always expended upon his attire. His strong, phlegmatic face was slightly flushed and his eyes, not always animated, glanced searchingly at Colonel Fenton.

"I don't remember the name, Your Excellency," remarked Fenton musingly. "But that fact proves nothing. The disorder existing in Paris during my visit to that unhappy city is sufficient explanation of my inability to identify the title of the Marquis—de—"

"The Marquis de Kerabeclec," repeated Washington, turning to the servant who had announced the visitor and saying: "Express to the Marquis my pleasure at his arrival and ask him to join us at our wine." The long candles had been lighted at dusk and the dining-hall had assumed an appearance of picturesque splendor, heightened by the deep shadows that lurked in the distant corners of the room. The President and his guests had turned their faces toward the open door through which the unexpected visitor was to make his entrance. Suddenly the bearded and wine-touched Americans arose as one man, their host towering above them at the head of the table. The figure approaching them from the shadows at the end of the hall commanded their instant respect. Below the medium height, his attire evidently travel-worn, there was still something in the outward seeming of the Marquis de Kerabeclec that drew from the courteous, hospitable but somewhat suspicious Virginians an immediate recognition of their guest's claim to consideration.

"You will accept my humble apology for this unceremonious interruption, Monsieur le President, will you not?" asked the Marquis in a voice that, in spite of its gentleness, contained a peculiar quality that thrilled his hearers instantly. His face, clean-cut, thin but symmetrical, wore a strange pallor, heightened by the darkness from which it seemed to emerge. He entered the flickering circle of candle-light and stood for a moment, bowing courteously, at the foot of the disordered dining-table.

Washington, never a ready speaker, hesitated for a moment. Then he said, as if with an effort:

"You are very welcome to Mount Vernon, Monsieur le Marquis de Kerabeclec. May I have the pleasure of placing you at my right hand?"

"Monsieur le President is too kind," returned the Marquis, showing his perfect teeth by a slight smile, and nervously flicking an atom of dust from the velvet edge of his coat sleeve. "The late guest deserves nothing but the foot of the board. Furthermore, messieurs, I have already dined. A glass of wine is all that I crave."

Washington and his guests had reseated themselves and a servant, at a gesture from the host, had placed a glass and a bottle of Madeira beside the French nobleman. For a moment there reigned an awkward silence in the hall.

"Permit me to propose a toast," said the President, gazing earnestly at the white-faced foreigner at the further end of the board. "Gentlemen, I give you 'France'!"

The toast was drunk standing, the Marquis de Kerabeclec bowing and smiling graciously as he touched his pale lips to the rare vintage. "France," my poor, unhappy France, I drink, Monsieur le President!" exclaimed the Frenchman, still standing after the Virginians had reseated themselves. "May she dry the blood-stains on her white robe and learn to smile again!" He placed a thin, delicately shaped hand to his neck, as if to conceal a scar upon which all eyes had been fixed for a time. From the shadows came a stifled sound, as if a negro had suppressed an exclamation of dismay.

"If you will permit me, messieurs," went on the Marquis, making a sweeping gesture with his long nervous hand as he reseated himself and glanced around the board with shifty eyes that seemed to be forever seeking something they could not find, "if you will permit me, I will tell you a tale of France—a tale of weeping France to-day. You must see, messieurs," he went on, pointing toward the gloomy recesses beyond the circle of dancing lights and shadows, "you must see a great square in the center of beautiful Paris. Behold, there stands the mistress of the mob, Mam'selle La Guillotine!"

Straining eyes had followed the uncanny Frenchman's gesture and pale, drawn faces testified to his weird power. To the overwrought men at the table a ghastly picture, framed by dark clouds, met their gaze and they saw a vision of Paris in the days of blood; the guillotine, its victims and the maddened crowd of white-faced men and leering women that had grown hungry overnight for the sight of headless trunks. A man and woman, haughtily erect, looked down from that awful machine upon the blood-besotted throng and the face of the woman, cold, calm and clearly defined, was

wondrous beautiful with youth and pride. The features of her companion could not be plainly seen, but the awed and silent Virginians observed that he was short in stature, graceful in contour and fearless in his bearing. From this shadow-picture they could not turn their eyes, but they heard the voice of the Frenchman, broken now and again by suppressed sobs, saying:

"She was young and joyous, a bride who had wedded the man she loved. Their crime was this. The blood for which the mob—insatiate, implacable—cried out had flowed in noble veins. A gentle woman, a courteous, kindly man, a wife and husband just tasting the joys of perfect love, must die to dull for a moment the ghastly appetite of a people mad and murderous."

There was silence in the hall for a moment. From the shadows subdued groans died away as the negroes huddled together, tremulous, hysterical.

Suddenly the vision passed and Washington and his guests found themselves gazing at the Frenchman, standing at the foot of the table. He had placed upon the board a quaintly wrought silver snuffbox from which he deftly transferred a pinch of powdered tobacco to his thin nostrils.

"Beware the mob," he cried in a voice that stirred the souls of his hearers like a trumpet-call. "Beware the mob! Here in this new world, messieurs, ye love the People, and ye have made the People king. I say to you, beware! Far into the future it is granted me to gaze and I see a vision that ye may not look upon. But heed my words! Beware the mob, for the mob loves blood as I—I, Le Marquis de Kerabeclec—and my sweet wife know well. I go, my friends! I thank you all, and once again I say, Beware the mob!"

He passed from their sight as he spoke. Washington's lips, firm-set when the bullets whizzed, trembled as he gazed across the table and saw that his uncanny guest had faded from his sight.

"A ghost," whispered Carlyle, and a negro laughed wildly.

"A ghost!" cried Colonel Fenton. "But how like ye this?" He had stretched his arm toward the foot of the table and seized a silver snuffbox that lay beside a half-filled champagne glass. With trembling hand the soldier held the finely-chased bauble beneath the candle-light. Upon the lid he read the words: "Le Marquis de Kerabeclec, Bretagne."

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

The Wildflower.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, pluck not, fair maid, the first blossoms of May,
That nod to the silver brook's sound,
That raise a glad face to the sun's early ray,
And deck with bright colors the ground!

The bee and the butterfly here sup their fill,
The winds kiss my face as they blow;
They bid me live on. Quaff my sweets if you will,
But treat me as butterflies do.

Oh, maiden, the life of a flower is so free!
Brief, simple, and golden and gay!
My sweet little sisters—oh, leave them with me!
We're babes at the peep of the day.

You want me, I know, in your bosom to lie,
To press to your lips that are sweet;
You'd tire of me soon, and would then toss me by
To wither and die on the street.

While warm in earth's breast I may nestle and bloom;
Oh, earth is sad, dreary and lone,
The bright, empty hours cannot lighten her gloom,
When I and my sisters are gone!

So take not the flower from the hill-side away,
For dear is this day of our birth;
Oh, leave them deep hid in the greenwood to play,
To gladden the bosom of earth!

T. B. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Honeymoon Confessions.

Black and White.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Charles, a noodle; Florence, a girl.

SCENE: Hired brougham traveling along road from country town to main line station. In front—White favors. Behind—A slipper dangling. Within brougham—At back, to the right, Charles seated; at left, Florence ditto.

Charles (with forced jocularity): What a lot of rice they gave us; one went up my nose. Florence (laughs nervously): Not really. Charles: Fact (moves toward her). Darling—darling! at last it's over. Why, what's the matter?

Florence: The Browns. They gave me the coffee roaster—the big one. (She tries hard not to see them, then grins fervently and bows through window. Charles takes off his hat. Rice shoots from brim into handbag.)

Charles (shifting along seat): Now we are out of the town, darling, there's something I want to tell you—what's—

Florence: The Cheesers. They gave me the other china dog. (Smiles ecstatically and bows and makes little noises.)

Charles: Any more? (Looks forward out of window R.) And now, darling, there is something I want to tell you of very much. I have put it off till now because I made up my mind I would not tell you till we were married, darling; so I haven't; but I can't wait any longer. Do you know—(parasol slips down, they both snatch at it and she hits him). Oh, I hope I haven't hurt you, darling?

Florence: No, dear. (Moves her feet a little, then plays with window strap.)

Charles: Well, you know when I first met you on board the Peninsula?

Florence: Yes. (Plaits window strap very neatly.)

Charles: Why do you think I traveled in her, darling?

Florence (much occupied with her plaiting): I don't know.

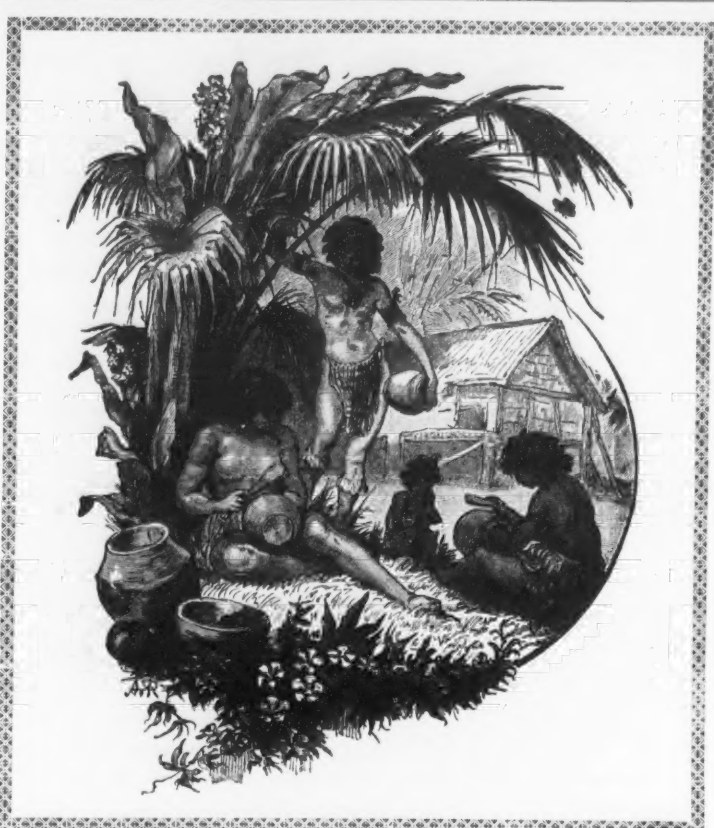
Charles: Why, because—(rather bothered—then blurts out)—darling—darling, I want to tell you I am a rich man; I've got twenty times the estate I told you of. My property at Rottingbridge alone is—Why, what's the matter, Flo?

Florence (constrainedly): Nothing. (Undoes all her work and begins anew.)

Charles: Well, but aren't you surprised, darling?

Florence: Oh, yes. Very, very. (Looks up at him a moment.)

Charles (close to her and reaching to prevent hat-box from falling off seat): Darling—darling, I was tired of all the girls running after



Inhabitants of the other city that shares with Toronto the distinction of having no Sunday cars.

me; I wanted to find someone who would love me for myself alone, so—what do you think? I traveled incog., don't you know, so as I should meet girls who knew nothing about me. That's why I was on the Peninsula, see? I wanted to travel, and I met you at the very first, didn't I, darling? I hardly thought I should be able to keep the secret from you so long. But, darling, darling, what's the matter?

Florence (very self-conscious; minutely arranges fringe): N—nothing.

Charles: Flo, there is. Why aren't you surprised and happy? I'm a rich man, I tell you—seventeen thousand a year and two houses. Darling—darling, look at me—your own husband. (Florence sighs, smiles a little and pulls nervously at fringe.) Flo!

Florence (flings away window strap and puts her arms around Charles): Oh, I'm so glad you told me now; I couldn't bear to wait; I should have had to tell you of my own accord. It was mamma, really; it wasn't me. You'll forgive me, won't you? Say you'll forgive me, Charlie!

Charles: Florence! (Holds away in horrid anticipation.)

Florence: Oh, don't look like that at me! Charlie, dear, you won't mind—it was mamma's doing. We knew all about you—or nearly all; we thought it was fifteen thousand. You see, we lived seven years at Rottingbridge; mamma heard somehow that you were going by the Peninsula, and so she took tickets. I didn't know then—of course, I knew by mamma that something was in hand, but I didn't know it was you, really and truly, until we were on board. You see—oh, here's the station, and why are the people laughing so? Oh, they are laughing at us! Charlie!

Charles: They've tied a slipper on! Damn!

Florence: Oh!

How Old Joe Slowcome Was Almost Converted.

REV. W. TINDALL of Walkerton, Ont., sends us the following curious and amusing occurrence, vouching for the truth of everything in it except the names:

"It was in the early sixties that I was stationed at— in Western Ontario. Amongst an interesting membership was a Mrs. —, who was esteemed by all as an earnest Christian. She was not rich, and lived in a small frame house in the country. She had no family to support excepting her husband, a very good-natured man and also very corpulent, too lazy to be either pious or sinful, and fond of eating, smoking and telling yarns. His wife and others often talked to him about 'mending his ways,' but could not make the least impression upon him.

"A little time previous to my settlement as a minister in that locality, a very nice, agreeable and gentlemanly man, well educated, who had spent several years in school-teaching in another part of the province, purchased a neighboring farm and commenced a business entirely new to him. This was about the time of the advent of coal-oil. This tyro in farming, whom we shall call Mr. Serious Tallman, went to London and purchased a gallon of coal-oil. The grocer excited him by telling him of so many uses to which this wonderful new oil could be applied. Among other valuable properties was that of killing insects on trees and animals. Mr. Tallman had a calf that was lousy, and the very next day he sallied out into the barnyard, oil-can and brush in hand, and smeared the calf all over with oil, watching with satisfaction how quickly it killed the lice. A new thought entered his mind, viz., to test the inflammability of this oil. Taking a match from his vest pocket and striking it, he applied it to his calf, and was himself wonderfully struck to see the calf enveloped in flame in a trice. It naturally made for the straw-stack, and Mr. Tallman, with great difficulty, turned its course in another direction, for it was not pleasant work to handle a calf all afire, and that without gloves. Quicker than John Gilpin's steed, away went the calf down the lane into the public road. Old Joe Slowcome was standing outside his gate, pipe in his mouth, in quiet meditation, when he heard an unearthly noise and saw this infernal animal, as he thought, all ablaze, with tail erect, snorting and bleating, going in a bee-line for him. For the first time in many years 'he got on a move' and ran to the house, crying:

"O, wife, wife, pray for me! Just as I expected! It is all over with me! The devil has come for me at last.' Almost dying with fear, while praying vociferously for mercy, he rolled under the bed while the horrid vision passed by. It was, with him, 'a time long to be remembered.'"

An Outside View.

The travelling correspondent of *Presto*, a musical journal published in Chicago, visited Toronto a few days ago, arriving here on a Sunday train. The absence of street cars strongly impressed him and he says in his paper: "On the 15th instant a popular vote is to be taken on the Sunday street car question, and though the fight will be a bitter one, it can hardly be doubted that the common sense of the 'fors' will triumph over the 'antis.' It seems absurd that a city of such magnificent distances should be without street car conveniences on Sunday; all the more absurd because of the beautiful rural surroundings of Toronto; delightful healthful resorts where the cooped up poor of the city could recruit their flagging energies once a week."

He Makes Lawyers Fast.

CHIEF JUSTICE ARMOUR has a reputation among the lawyers of the province as the "judge who scarcely ever needs to eat." It is understood that he does eat, but it is known that he never allows the recreation of dining to interfere with the business of any court over which he presides. Last week Judge Falconbridge was conducting the assizes at Hamilton but found it necessary to go on to Brantford, leaving the Hamilton assizes unfinished, and so Chief Justice Armour went up to the Ambitious City to finish the docket.

"Tut, tut," said the Chief Justice, "why are all these remanets on the list? There shall be no adjournments for luncheon and the court shall sit until seven p.m. each evening. The circumstances are special and we must make progress."

"Does that order apply to a man who has had no breakfast?" plaintively enquired B. B. Osler, Q.C.

"The law does not take cognizance of such a matter as breakfast," replied the Chief Justice, and the Q.C., fearing possibly that the Court might rule that to eat at all was irregular, if not illegal, dropped the point.

"I see about thirteen remanets on the list," said the Chief Justice. "I'm always running up against remanets, no matter where I go. I never left a remanet in my life, and I see no excuse for it."

It is understood that Chief Justice Armour only indulges in two meals a day, one before his day's duties begin and the other after they have closed, and so is prepared to work away for eight or ten hours continuously if need be, and it has been suggested that it was to repress his unlimited ardor that a special act was passed regulating the hours of court sittings. Wise lawyers should put a cracker and a piece of dried beef in their brief-bags when attending his courts.

Something.

HE THREW the book aside, for his spirit was tired of shadows and filled with a wonderful longing for something which books could not give—something—something—something—a beautiful, passionate Something—not found in the pages of books.

He picked up his pen and looked at it curiously. This was the weapon with which he must conquer the world and woo the affections of men. This was the tool of his craft, with which he would record the delicate contrivances of thought and weave into coherent forms those mental jewels; those intellectual delicacies; those precious pearls thrown from the soul's deep sea; those flaming thoughts forged in the spirit's fire; those subtle strains of music rare and splendid which trembled in golden chords on the melodious soul—the little pen would tell them all to men, and from its quivering point the hot electric stream of pain and passion, love and joy and sorrow, in lava streams of many-hued emotion, would pass forth to the world and win him something—something—something—a passionate, beautiful

Something not found in the pages of books.

He walked to the window and looked out. There was the world, his kingdom or his grave—the beautiful, hideous world; the temple of delight and home of misery; the battle-field and resting-place of all—out there the fight was going on, the everlasting fight of strength and weakness, truth and falsehood, light and darkness. The faint east wind that fanned his face brought to his ears the sound of many voices—the voices of men and women and little children—happy voices, woe-filled voices, cruel voices, gentle voices, groans and laughter, joy and sorrow, strangely blended out there in the battle-field of life. Why was he lingering in his study when the fight was on? He must go out and struggle with them, for there perhaps among the toiling millions—perhaps in a cottage, perhaps in a palace, out on the stormy sea maybe, or in some quiet valley, in the heat of the battle or in the peace beyond the storm—he might find that something—something—something—the passionate, beautiful Something he could not find in books.

The perfume of the flowers of the world came sweetly on the breeze towards him, filling his heart with the passion and fever of living; the wish, the desire and the craving to venture out and pluck each little flower in the roseate garden of the world—to pluck and kiss each perfect little flower, to deck himself with all the flowers of joy. The shadows of the study were behind him, the joys of life before. His many-colored soul was all aflame with passionate desire for life and joy; and far beyond the dreaming and the toiling, sweet-thrilling on the surface of the breeze, he hears the voice and sees the eyes of something—something—something—a passionate, beautiful Something not found in the pages of books.

Toronto, May, 1897.

CAITS.

The Imitative Quality.

TO that far-distant region lying below Hudson Bay a fur-trader took his Boston bride, and on the following Sunday proudly led her to the seat of honor in the little chapel, says the *Youth's Companion*. The congregation, to be sure, consisted chiefly of converted Eskimos, but there were a few English and American residents, and the natives, as the story will show, were not unappreciative.

The bride was dressed in the voluminous fashion of thirty years ago. A generous circle, indeed, would have been required to outline her skirts, and a coquettish little veil shaded the upper half of her pretty face.

Entranced sat the Eskimo women, but with the call to prayer their heads bent reverently in the customary attitude of worship. Were they following the earnest words of the minister? Were their petitions rising with his? On the contrary, all the women were busily engaged in dragging forward to the tips of their noses the nets which, after long urging, the missionaries had induced them to adopt to confine their flowing hair. The veil of the bride had demoralized their religious devotion.

Such was the honesty of these Hudson Bay Indians that never but once did the missionaries lose any possessions by theft. The week following this memorable Sabbath the Americans could not keep a barrel for themselves, even the one devoted to ashes falling apart one night because its hoops had been purloined. Where they went, however, the former possessors had abundant evidence at the next chapel service.

It is not alone among primitive peoples that the imitative quality is prominent. After Fox made his brilliant speeches in Parliament it was the fashion, even as far as Paris, to be a thinking man—to think like Fox; while the story of some haughty Lady Inogen or of a wrecker of the West has ruined many a young follower. It is by imitation of what is trivial and false, or of what is beautiful and good, that we descend or mount a few steps toward the likeness of what we admire.

The Proofreader's Nemesis.

Typographical Journal.

"What's the matter?" enquired the foreman, as he entered the sanctum for copy and noted the editor's bleeding nose, swollen forehead, puffed, red eye and tattered, dusty coat. "Fall downstairs?" "No—only that," replied the editor, pointing with his finger to a paragraph in the paper before him. "It's in our account of the Crapley-Smith wedding. It ought to read, 'Miss Smith's dimpled, shining face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's strong, bold physiognomy.' But see how it was printed." And the foreman read, "Miss Smith's pimpled, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's stony, bald physiognomy." "Crapley was just in here," continued the editor, throwing one blood-streaked handkerchief into the waste-basket and feeling in his pockets for a clean one, "and he—but just send that fool of a proofreader in here! There's fight left in me yet!"

Ordinary Bicycle Face.

Leslie's Weekly.

Handel Barr—Tyre has the most aggravated case of bicycle face I ever saw.

Wheeler—Since when? He was all right the last time I saw him.

Handel Barr—I don't know how long; but yesterday he had the face to try to borrow my wheel for a four days' trip into the country.

A Thoughtful Child.

"What are you doing, you young rascal?" said a farmer to a small boy under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand.

"Please, sir, I was just going to put this 'ere apple on the tree, sir! It got broke off, sir."

Formal Religion.

Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god.

—Shakespeare.

"What a desirable thing it is to have a friend you can trust!" said R. "Yes," replied S—"or one that will trust you."

Prospective Purchaser—You say he's a savage watch-dog? Owner—Yes, indeed. "But how am I to know this?" "Try 'im; jest go outside with me and climb in at that winder!"—*Chicago Record*.

"TEMPLE BUILDING."

The Magnificent New Home of the Independent Order of Foresters.

In no way, perhaps, are the growing importance of Toronto as a commercial center and her claim to pre-eminence among the cities of the Dominion, better emphasized than by the large number of public and private buildings erected during the past decade or now in course of erection for business or residence purposes, whose beauty of design and finish, stateliness of proportions and solidity of construction render them objects of interest to visitors and of pride to the owners in particular and to citizens generally. The progress has indeed been conspicuous, while the character of the buildings is evidence of a strong faith in the city's future and of a firm determination to keep ahead of the procession; and if the present rate of improvement is continued, the Queen City will soon be in a position to give pointers not merely to the older Canadian, but also to the larger American cities.

It is not to the discredit of wide-awake Torontonians that they have occasionally gone abroad in search of ideas in the matter of house-building, which, when found, they have brought home and often improved upon; and it is very much to their credit that there is growing up among them, the creation of native genius and talent, distinctly domestic styles of architecture, which suffer but little or not at all by comparison with those found in the metropolitan cities of other countries. In a word, Toronto does not need to borrow either designs or architects from other countries, nor even to any great extent the material with which to erect stately and superb edifices for public or private use.

The Highest and the Best.

Among the buildings now in course of erection for business purposes, and which has been the center of much interest both on account of the character of the work and of the special circumstances attending its prosecution, the Temple Building, the property of the Independent Order of Foresters, is a conspicuous figure. To the fact that this was the first attempt in Canada of any fraternal society to erect a building on a large scale as a means of profitably investing its surplus, was added the ambitious determination that it should be fire-proof from foundation to roof, thoroughly modern in equipment and in many respects better than any other edifice of the kind either in the city or the Dominion. The idea of a "Temple" for the Independent Order of Foresters originated with Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger, several years ago, and, as the writer knows, it has been one of the pet ambitions of his life that, before passing on to the "happy hunting grounds" to meet the Great Spirit, he should see the Order, to which the best efforts of a large heart and broad intellect have been untiringly devoted, established in a "Forest Home" that was its own in fact as well as in name. More than once has his suggestion of the possibility of such a thing brought incredulous smiles to the countenances and doubting words to the lips of those about him, to discourage him. But among his more intimate friends and associates, to whom he had declared that "nothing is impossible with the I. O. F." long before the rank and file heard the expression, he has kept the idea steadily in view, firmly believing that the consummation would do more than anything else to give to the Order the commanding position that his ambition aimed at securing. Public knowledge of the enterprise dates back to the latter end of the year 1894, when the announcement came almost like a thunderbolt from a clear sky that the Foresters were in the market as purchasers, and a little later that they had bought the property on which part of the Temple now stands. To the original purchase, others were subsequently added to give space and scope for carrying out the plans which by that time had reached an advanced stage of development, and which are now approaching an eminently creditable maturity. Early in the year 1895 the work of demolishing the unsightly buildings then standing on the property was commenced. Then followed the necessary excavations, and a little later, when huge blocks of granite, weighing many tons each, were being lowered into the "cellar" for the foundation, people began to think that after all a Foresters' building was likely to become a reality. A little later followed that grand demonstration on May 30, 1895, when, amid the heat of the warmest day ever experienced at that season, and in the presence of a vast concourse of people, His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada and an honorary member of the Order, laid the Peterhead granite corner stone, which will soon be conspicuous to all who pass the south-east corner of the building. Since that eventful day the work of erecting the immense building now seen towering far above its neighbors, has been prosecuted vigorously, and, with the exception of a short time during the winter of 1895-6, continuously, and it is now definitely announced that the Executive offices of the I. O. F. will be removed there by the middle of May, and that the whole of the Temple will be ready for occupation within two or three months. When one stands and contemplates the vast pile, then climbs from storey to storey until he finally reaches the top of the tower almost two hundred feet from the sidewalk, meeting at every step evidences of thoroughness of construction and completeness of equipment, it is difficult to realize that less than two years and a half will have been occupied in accomplishing the great work, including delays caused by weather, lack of material, strikes, holidays and other circumstances.

The Designer.

To say that Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters, has superintended nearly every detail in connection with the erection of the Temple, is to furnish a guarantee that it will be, if not the best, certainly among the best and most complete structures of the kind in Canada. Whether the Doctor has bestowed upon the great Order over which he presides more painstaking care and thoroughly hard work than upon the Temple is a question that would perhaps puzzle

himself to answer. Those about him, who have been in his confidence and have had opportunities of knowing the unlimited time and hardest kind of labor bestowed by him upon both, are unable to decide. All are agreed, however, that the Order and the Temple combine to form a fitting monument in honor of the masterly genius and indomitable perseverance which have made of both the complete "success that succeeds." It goes without saying, too, that no more fitting home than the Temple could have been designed for "The Best Fraternal Benefit Society in the World," as Dr. Oronhyatekha with pardonable pride, yet great truthfulness, designates the body of which he has been the honored head for sixteen years.

He Hath Built Well.

The first two storeys of the Temple are built of Credit Valley brown stone and the remaining eight storeys of brownish red bricks, trimmed throughout with Credit Valley and Connecticut brown stone, the whole being laid in specially prepared and tested cement instead of ordinary mortar. The foundations and walls are of great thickness and strength, and the building could with perfect safety be carried half a dozen storeys higher. In this matter the possibilities of future requirements have been kept well in mind by designer, architect and builder.

To increase the fire-resisting qualities of the building, the whole structure is lined with, and the immense quantity of steel used is completely encased in, fire-proof terra cotta of special manufacture. As a matter of fact, the whole structure will be as thoroughly fire-proof as modern science can make it, there being nothing that can burn except the window frames and sashes. In addition to the precautions in the matter of fire-proof material, two standing water pipes have been placed in the building, with steam pump to ensure pressure and suitable hose attachments on each floor. This has been done not so much for protection against fire within as for the purpose of extinguishing fires that may occur in adjacent buildings, which will be the chief source of danger to the Temple, so far as fires are concerned.

The main elevator shaft, which will face the Richmond street entrance, but will also be

sixty steam radiators distributed throughout the building, as well as with the engines in the basement. The air is removed from the radiators automatically by the Paul vacuum system, thus admitting of their being filled with steam at atmospheric pressure. The temperature in the several compartments will be regulated by the Johnson system of pneumatic control, thermostats being placed in the rooms to operate electric valves so sensitive that a change of a single degree in the temperature will open or close them, and thus insure perfect uniformity. The electric current required for lighting and other purposes will be furnished by three very large Walker generators, directly connected to three seventy-horse-power Ideal engines. These, with the pumps and other machinery, have been selected after a careful personal inspection by experts, and will constitute one of the largest, if not the very largest and finest private plant in the city.

Ventilation and Novelities.

Special attention has been devoted to the matter of ventilation, not an easy task in a building of the size of the Temple. For this purpose the Sturtevant hot blast system has been adopted, operating in a fan chamber on the roof and connected with a refrigerating apparatus and ice machine in the basement, by means of which a constant circulation of pure fresh air is secured in every part of the building, with temperature adapted to the season. Lavatories, closets and other sanitary conveniences are placed within easy reach on every floor, and there will also be facilities for mailing letters, while balconies are provided at convenient intervals outside, which, besides adding greatly to the external beauty of the building, will afford the occupants means for enjoying fresh air and of viewing passing occurrences. These balconies will be a specially attractive feature should the project of converting into a park the block between Bay street and Knox church prove successful, as we hope it will.

Entrances and Occupants.

There will be two main entrances—one from Richmond street and the other from Bay street—both leading to the elevators and main stairway. The entrance halls will be richly embellished in marble and ceramic decorations, while outside the arched doorways and projecting stonework will be elaborately carved, the whole presenting a very imposing appearance.

The first three storeys will be devoted entirely to business offices, which will include



The "Temple" Building, corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto.

accessible from the Bay street entrance, will contain two of the most modern and up-to-date elevators that can be procured. They will be the largest in the city and fitted with every device to ensure easy and rapid operation combined with the highest possible degree of safety. The shaft in which they will run is separated from the rest of the building by solid brick partition walls with fireproof steel sliding doors, while the floors within will be of tile. A second elevator shaft in the rear of the building, likewise isolated and completely fire-proofed, will be used principally for freight purposes, but will be fitted for passenger accommodation also. These elevators are now being placed in position by the contractors, and will be ready for use in a very short time. Each elevator will be operated by an electric motor of the most perfect make procurable. The stairs, which will also be enclosed in the fire-proof shafts, will be of steel, slate and marble, and will present a very handsome appearance.

There are four tiers of fireproof vaults in different parts of the building, built from the foundations with brick and fireproof terra cotta and extending to the ninth storey. These are being furnished with doors and locks of the most approved kind, and every care has been taken in their construction and fitting to secure protection for their contents against both fire and burglars.

The roof, like the rest of the building, is made thoroughly fireproof, being composed of terra cotta of special manufacture and tiles, laid in cement; and the architect affirms that any number of bonfires could be built thereon without in the least affecting it or injuring the building.

Heating and Lighting.

The Temple will be heated by steam and lighted by electricity produced on the premises. For the heating, a low pressure system has been adopted, embracing all the most modern improvements, utilizing the exhaust steam from the engines and pumps, which can be supplemented when necessary by live steam. The steam will be supplied by two 120 horse-power Heine safety-water-tube-boilers, each fitted with the Jones mechanical underfed stokers, and both connected with about three hundred and

a bank and a large publishing house, and a portion of the four storeys above will also be devoted to offices. The fourth and fifth storeys in the western wing will contain the magnificent court-rooms, with suitable ante-rooms, toilet-rooms and other conveniences. Immediately above these and occupying the sixth and seventh storeys will be a large assembly room, with supper and toilet-rooms and a music gallery attached.

The Supreme Court officers and staff, numbering at present about seventy-five persons, four-fifths of whom are young ladies, will occupy the entire eighth storey, and the rapid extension of the Order is already making it a question whether sufficient accommodation can be had on that floor for the work of the office. The staff, it may here be noted, has been working overtime for months to keep pace with the increasing volume of the business of the Order.

The ninth and tenth storeys have been leased for a term of years to the Masonic fraternity, and in addition to spacious lodge and chapter rooms, specially fitted to suit the requirements of the Craft, will contain preparation, committee, cloak, toilet and smoking rooms, together with a banquet hall capable of seating three hundred

HIGHEST IN LEAVENING QUALITIES

PURE • GOLD

For dainty and wholesome BAKING POWDER

cooking it has no equal. . . —In Tins Only—

For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.

LANOLINE

Toilet Preparations

LANOLINE

Toilet Soap

Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

SUBSTITUTION OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

RAISE YOUR HOT BISCUITS, CAKES, ETC., WITH

Dunn's Malted Leaven

IT IMPARTS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR
EVERYONE CAN DIGEST HOT BISCUITS MADE WITH IT

at a time, and a kitchen adjoining, in which will be placed all modern conveniences. The furniture for all these rooms will be made from special designs and will be of a character to reflect credit upon those who occupy as well as those who own them.

A number of Forester Courts in the city are also arranging to transfer their quarters to the elegant "Forest Home" in the western section of the building, and several applications for accommodation have also been received from other societies desirous of meeting where modern comforts and conveniences prevail.

The Building as a Whole.

The Supreme Chief Ranger was most fortunate in securing, in the person of Mr. George W. Gouinlock, an architect of broad and advanced ideas, who entered with enthusiasm into his plans, and has rendered invaluable assistance in developing them. Mr. Gouinlock has certainly succeeded in producing an excellently planned and ornate building, and so well proportioned that few realize when looking at it that it is the highest building yet erected in Canada. As a matter of fact, it is 140 feet high, exclusive of the tower, which, when completed, will add 45 feet, making a total height of 185 feet from sidewalk to the top of the tower. The architect is to be congratulated, not alone upon the admirable proportions and ornate appearance of the edifice, but also upon the phenomenal fact that not a dollar of extras has accrued in connection with the structure, and it now appears that the building will be finished with the record unbroken in that respect. The Chief justly attributes all this to the care and professional ability displayed by the architect in preparing the plans and supervising the numberless and intricate details of the work. Much credit is also due to the several contractors for the admirable manner in which they have performed their respective parts.

The great height of the building renders the roof an exceedingly good place for observation purposes, as from it an extensive view may be enjoyed of the city and surrounding country, and of the Toronto bay, the Island, and Lake Ontario; and it is the intention of the Supreme Chief Ranger to throw the tower and roof open to the public, so that citizens may therefrom see not only the whole city and a good portion of the surrounding country, but may also look at Niagara Falls. The "Temple Building" will certainly be a worthy companion to the magnificent new civic building standing but half a block away.

The Site.

There could be no better evidence of the foresight and shrewdness of the Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters than is afforded by the selection of the present site for an office building, located, as it is, within half a block of the new City Hall and courthouse, within two hundred feet of the city registry offices, and only a block away from Osgoode hall, while from the corner of Queen and Yonge streets, or of King and Bay streets, but a block

distant, electric cars radiate to every part of the city. That the "Temple Building" will be a profitable investment for the Foresters goes without saying. In the first place, the greater portion of the site was purchased for a mere song. The contracts for the erection of the building were most advantageously placed, and the indications are that before the building is completed the whole of the available space will be rented. More than half of the offices are already taken, while many more have been spoken for. The erection of this building has also had the effect of greatly enhancing the value of adjacent real estate, and when the proposed park is secured the locality will undoubtedly be one of the most desirable in the city for many purposes.

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

The oft-repeated statements by Physicians that Chronic Rheumatism Cannot be Cured Refuted by Sworn Statements.

There never was a time when people were so sceptical in reference to medicine as the present; 'tis no wonder, for their credulity has been played upon by the unreliable claims of advertised cure-alls until doubt is converted into a belief that all announcements are imaginary pen pictures. Rheumatic sufferers are of the class whose intense suffering has led them to try first one thing, then another, until repeated failures convince them "there is no help for them." They hear about the startling cures made by Kootenay, but cannot overcome the suspicion that 'tis like all the rest. They do not know of the hidden power in "The new ingredient" peculiar to this preparation, that banishes Rheumatism—of how it enabled George Ball, blacksmith, residing corner Sanford Avenue and Huron Streets, Hamilton, to arise from a helpless condition and take up work in the City Quarries as hard labor, discharged from the hospital with the assurance "they could do nothing for him, his system was so full of rheumatism no power on earth could drive it out;" then lying at his home for weeks unable to lift hand to mouth, having to be fed by his wife, when the King's Daughters of Hamilton brought him Kootenay. Three bottles effected a complete cure. This is not more strange than the story told by Mrs. Guy, wife of Mail Carrier Robt. Guy, Brant Ave., Hamilton, whose mother love breathes thanks for the restoration of their seven year old Willie. His lower limbs were so swollen with inflammatory rheumatism he could not put his feet to the floor, the slightest touch causing intense pain, growing gradually worse, until his condition was pitiful; it seemed they were going to lose him, when Kootenay was used and three bottles completely cured him, so that he is going to school. The detailed sworn statements of above cures, with hundreds of others, can be obtained by addressing The Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. If Kootenay is not obtainable of your dealer, sent charges prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Send for Chart Book, mailed free.

One bottle lasts over a month.

The Range of Capacity of

"Oxford" Boilers and Radiators

(FOR HOT WATER AND STEAM)

Is so great and sizes so varied that we can furnish Boilers and Radiators with a guaranteed capacity to suit all buildings. They can be relied upon to give perfect satisfaction. Send for Catalogue

They are the World's Standard

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Ltd., Toronto
The GURNEY-MARSEY CO., Montreal



THE concert given in Massey Hall by the Toronto Philharmonic under Mr. J. Humfrey Anger on Tuesday evening last, attracted a critical although not a very numerous audience. The programme embraced Gade's dramatic cantata, The Erl King's Daughter, for chorus and orchestra, and a number of miscellaneous selections, in which the orchestra and the assisting soloists, Miss Detta Ziegler, soprano, and Mr. R. Watkin Mills took part. Regarding the performance, it may be said that the general work of the chorus, numbering about one hundred and forty voices, and of the orchestra of thirty-five performers, was exceedingly creditable to the society. The chorus, although smaller than one is accustomed to see at the performances of oratorio societies, nevertheless sang with commendable spirit and attention to details of expression. In the Morning Hymn, effects were produced which proved the wisdom of the chorus committee in weeding from the ranks many of the worn-out singers who have been present at nearly every oratorio performance given in the city for years past, and whose presence has contributed so frequently to unsatisfactory results both in quality of tone and intonation. The policy of admitting only capable singers will do much to make oratorio an artistic success in this city and to popularize it with the masses. The orchestra played with much more than usual finish, a fact which may also be attributed in large measure to the absence of incompetent players. The cantata, with its simple but effective choral writing and its refined orchestration, proved a most interesting work and one particularly well adapted to a society limited in numbers. In the orchestral selections of the miscellaneous part of the programme the orchestra did themselves and their conductor great credit. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony was, all things considered, rendered in excellent style. The smaller numbers gave much pleasure to the audience and were enthusiastically applauded. The soloists were uniformly successful in the cantata, as in their respective solos in the second part of the programme. Miss Ziegler created a decidedly favorable impression upon this, I believe, her first concert appearance in Toronto. Possessed of a soprano voice of exceptionally bright quality and purity of intonation, she sang with a degree of expressiveness and artistic finish which at once attracted attention. In Meyerbeer's Shadow Song from Dinorah she also displayed marked technical facility. Miss Ziegler was warmly encoored at the conclusion of this exacting number. Of Mr. Watkin Mills it is but necessary to state that he sang with all the effect and breadth of interpretation which have been so frequently noted in this column of late. Needless to say he was most enthusiastically received. The performance as a whole displayed the ability of Mr. Anger as a conductor in a very favorable light, and the success of the concert is a matter upon which he may well be congratulated. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Dinelli in his usual skillful manner.

It has become fashionable of late years to question the value of musical degrees. Some writers have gone so far as to ridicule the whole degree business without any distinction as to the sources from which musical titles may emanate. Much of this distrust of degrees in general has, no doubt, arisen through the "fake" distinctions which have been peddled so promiscuously, and which enable almost anyone having a dollar or two to spare, to invest in the plumage of even a Mus. Doc. outfit. Then, again, the practical failures of many holders of Cambridge, Oxford and other titles have tended to create a suspicion that the whole tendency of the musical degree matter is to encourage a one-sided culture in which the entire spirit of music is lost in the letter. Much might be said in support of this, but there is, on the other hand, danger that the opposition to musical degrees may be carried to an absurd extreme and that right may entirely be lost of the undoubted merit which surrounds a title bestowed by a properly constituted university or other examining body. In this connection the following extract from an article in the *Musical News* on the value of musical degrees, by T. L. Southgate, the well known writer of holders of sham titles and relentless pursuer of the purchasers of worthless appendages generally, will be read with interest. "One may be permitted to wonder how much of all this, those who babble about Degrees, and affect to despise these accreted hall-marks of study and learning, could get through if they ventured to submit themselves for examination! It is easy enough to write about the Oxford Examiners' easy tolerance, quite a different thing to face the music in the Schools, as many insufficiently prepared Candidates find to their cost. It was once pointedly remarked that one never hears the depreciation of Degrees from those who have been through the mill, and know just what they mean. The abuse comes from those who are either ignorant or envious of their betters."

A reader of this column desires to have an expression of opinion as to the musical equipment of a local "conductor" who, "at an orchestral rehearsal, sharply reproved his forces for attempting to play brilliantly in an *allegro con brio* movement by giving them the startling information that 'con brio' stands for 'quietly and reposefully.'" The same conductor subsequently took the breath of his performers away "by protesting against an orthodox rendering of an *andante senza tempo* move-

ment, explaining that the *senza tempo* required a very slow treatment of the selection," etc. Without pausing to express an opinion as to the qualifications of any professional musician who would publicly make an exhibition of the profundity of his learning as recorded above, it might be said that the case, which is well authenticated, is sufficiently interesting to furnish material for a chapter should anyone venture the task at any time of preparing a history of music in Toronto. How many similar tales, were one so disposed, might be related. Perhaps the most amusing specimens of mistaken effort might be produced in the labored achievements of small boats, musically speaking, which have wandered too far from shore in frantic endeavors to immortalize themselves in "composition." Some specimens have recently been received at this office which at some future time may be reproduced in all their pristine loveliness as an object lesson to the rising generation of musicians in our midst.

On Wednesday evening of last week a very successful piano recital was given in the Guild hall by Mr. Walter H. Coles, Miss Abbie M. Helmer, Miss Gwendolyn Roberts, Mr. Carl Cecil Forsyth, and Miss Helen Watkins, all pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth. The hall was well filled with a critical and refined audience, and the programme presented was most enthusiastically received by those present, recalls being frequent. Without particularizing as to the playing of any one pupil, it may be said that throughout the programme there was noticeable the excellent method of their instructor, in which a musical tone, fluency of execution, and artistic interpretation of the numbers presented were the predominating characteristics. Additional interest was lent the recital through the admirable singing of Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, who contributed, among other numbers, two of Mr. Forsyth's recently published songs. An enthusiastic encore followed her singing of Red Roses, a composition which may be classed as one of Mr. Forsyth's happiest efforts. The recital as a whole was a gratifying success, upon which Mr. Forsyth is to be congratulated.

A concert of sacred, patriotic and national songs, together with violin selections and readings, was given at St. Enoch's Presbyterian church, under the direction of Miss Norma Reynolds, on Thursday evening, April 29. The audience was a very large one and testified to its enjoyment by hearty applause and close attention. One of the most interesting numbers was the singing of Mr. H. Godfrey's new patriotic song, The Land of the Maple, which the chairman, Rev. Alexander MacMillan, introduced with a few remarks referring to the true national sentiment of the words. Mr. Godfrey is to be congratulated on this stirring song. The concert was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the church, the members of which have every reason to feel gratified at the success of the evening. Miss Reynolds also furnished from among her pupils the solo talent for a performance of the cantata Ruth, which was given at Queen street east Methodist church on the evening of April 27. The soloists were: Miss Halworth, Miss Lora Roman, Miss E. Maidie Whitney and Mr. Morgan Jellott. An orchestra assisted, the whole being under Mr. Liscombe's direction.

Conservatory Music Hall was crowded on Thursday evening of last week, the occasion being the first of a special series of piano recitals by pupils of the director, Mr. Edward Fisher. The programme presented embraced works by Raff, Tschalkowsky, Chopin, Liszt, Moszkowski, Grieg, Schumann and Mendelssohn, and the pupils participating were Misses Josephine Collins, Jessie Parker, Vera Bourd, Edith McGregor, Ethel M. Hunter, Berta C. Huyek, Mabel Burke, Theresa Simonsky, and Mary L. Robertson. The fine playing of this talented group of promising soloists was such as reflected highest credit upon the performers personally and upon their teacher. Technically and musically, the guiding hand of a superior instructor was at all times in evidence. Vocal numbers were contributed at intervals during the evening by pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy, who sang with excellent effect in the numbers allotted them. These pupils were Mrs. Myrion H. Cochrane, Miss Mary Waldrum, and Mr. G. G. Innocent.

A large audience was present at the College of Music on Thursday evening of last week, when an attractive programme was presented by piano pupils of Mrs. Fred Lee, assisted by pupils from the vocal and violin departments. The piano pupils were: Miss Mina McLean, Miss Edith Leeson, Miss Alice Welsman, Miss Dora Bonnard, Miss Roger, Miss Slaght, Miss Holmes, Miss Humphries and Miss Maxwell. The playing of all the pianists was notable for delicacy of touch and fluency of execution. Several concerted numbers were successfully given, the rhythm being well marked. Excellent training on modern lines was at all times in evidence, and Mrs. Lee must have felt gratified with the result. The vocalists were Miss Ruddell, Miss Chester and Mr. Flint, all of whom acquitted themselves very creditably. An enjoyable violin solo was contributed by Mr. James Newton. The accompaniments were well played by Miss Tait.

To "HARMONY."—The chord you refer to should be F A C D sharp. You are, of course, right in saying that F A C E flat sounds the same when played on the piano, but the relation of the chord to the progression preceding it and to the chord into which it resolves necessitates the employment of the D sharp. To an educated musician the employment of the E flat in this particular instance would indicate a lack of knowledge of the principles of harmony. The man who would write that he was suffering from a severe "koff" might argue that the word sounds the same as when spelled "cough," still the world would strongly suspect him of having sadly neglected his primary education. So it is with such errors as your attention has been drawn to in the composition forwarded me.

The performance of Handel's oratorio, Samson, by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer in Association Hall on Tuesday evening next, is being looked forward to with much interest by local music-lovers. The plan, which opened

at Nordheimer's yesterday, is rapidly filling up. The characters are: Samson, Mr. Walter H. Robinson; Philistine Woman, Miss Racie Boehmer; Micah, Miss Minnie F. Hessin; Mr. Fred W. Lee; Harapha, Mr. Alfred Parker. Mr. J. W. H. Musson and Mr. A. L. Wheatley will also take solos. Mr. Walter H. Coles, organist of the church, will play the accompaniments. The performance, which will begin promptly at eight o'clock, will not exceed two hours in length.

The piano playing of Mr. Arthur Depew, a former Torontonian, at the entertainment given by Mr. Owen A. Smiley in Association Hall on Friday evening last, was one of the most successful features of a very enjoyable programme. Mr. Depew has made great strides in his profession since he was last heard in Toronto. As a pianist he has improved technically and musically in a marked degree. It might also be mentioned that he is at present conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, besides organist in one of the most influential churches of that city.

An event of importance to those interested in voice culture will be a visit of Mr. Frank Hotchkiss Osborne of New York. Mr. Osborne intends to teach in Toronto during the summer months, and comes as a representative of the School of Vocal Science of New York, of which Mr. E. A. Hayes, who recently lectured in this city, is the principal. He arrives here about May 15. In the meantime particulars may be obtained from Mr. Walter H. Robinson, vocal instructor, 143 Yonge street.

Mons. F. X. Mercier, one of Toronto's leading tenors, has just returned from a concert tour in Western Ontario, where he has been uniformly successful. Speaking of a late concert in Owen Sound, the *Advertiser* of that town states that "every artist was a star." Mons. Mercier's magnificent tenor voice perfectly captivated the audience, receiving a triple encore after each number." Mons. Mercier leaves next week to fill important engagements in Montreal and Quebec.

Mr. Paul Hahn's recital, which takes place in the Guild hall on Thursday evening next, is attracting considerable attention in local musical circles. An attractive programme has been arranged, in which Mr. Hahn will have the assistance of Mrs. Le Grand Reed, soprano; Miss Irene Gurney, pianist; Miss A. Helmer, accompanist; Mr. W. E. Rundle, tenor, and Mr. Percy Parker, baritone. Reserved seats are placed at 50 and 75 cents according to location.

Miss Amy Jaffray of Chicago, a vocalist well and favorably known in Toronto, purposes locating in this city after the first of June. It is her intention to permanently devote herself to her profession in Toronto. Miss Jaffray has been winning high honors of late in Chicago as a concert soloist, her services being in frequent demand in important concerts given during the past season.

With reference to the amalgamation of the Warren pipe-organ firm with the Karn piano and organ company of Woodstock, it should be explained that the organs to be built at Woodstock, to which point the Warren plant has been removed, will bear the name of the Karn-Warren organs. A number of contracts have already been awarded the amalgamated firm.

Madame Stuttaford's pupils gave a vocal recital on Thursday of last week in the assembly rooms of Prof. Davis, which served to demonstrate the systematic and thorough character of the training of the pupils by her. Those who took part in the programme showed much ability, earnestness of purpose and the care bestowed in directing their studies.

At the successful recital given by Mrs. O'Sullivan's music pupils, Miss Ruby Shea gave a most exquisite rendering of Tosti's Good-Bye, and for an encore responded with The Jewel Song. Miss Shea has made remarkable progress under her teacher, Mr. Schuth. Hamilton should be proud of its young singer.

Mr. H. M. Field gives a piano recital at Ottawa on May 17.

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 2, W. ALLAN
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
Yonge St. and Wilton Ave.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
SPECIAL ANNUAL MEET
New Buildings, including Music Hall
are being erected on a choice site recently purchased at the corner of College St. and Queen's Avenue. Will remove to the new premises in August next.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal
Oratory, elocution, Reading, Acting, Voice Culture, Orthography, Diction and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Statue Posing, Literature.

VOCAL SCIENCE
Mr. Frank Hotchkiss Osborne
OF NEW YORK
Will teach in Toronto throughout the summer, beginning about May 15. The teaching embraces the theories and system used in the School of Local Science, New York. Mr. E. A. Hayes, Principal, which institution Mr. Osborne represents.
Particulars may be obtained from Mr. Walter H. Robinson, 143 Yonge Street.

HARRY M. FIELD, Piano Virtuoso
In his interpretation of Chopin and Liszt numbers, elegance of style and brilliancy in bravura work told with overpowering effect, such as at once invited comparison with the interpretations of the world's greatest virtuosi.—*Leipzig Tageblatt*. Address after August 1st, care Prof. Martin Krause, 26 Braudvormeerkstrasse, Leipzig.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Conductor Mendelssohn Choir
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church, teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Moulton Ladies' College, Dufferin House and Rolleston House. Organ pupils also received at Conservatory of Music. 64 Pembroke St.

EDMUND HARDY, Mus. Bac. A.T.C.M.
Gold medalist Trinity University, gold and silver medalist Toronto Conservatory of Music, piano pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, accepts pupils for the study of piano and harmony. Address 67 Queen St. West, or care Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac., Graduate
University of Toronto, certified teacher of Vocal and Piano, of Toronto College of Music. Address 532 Church Street, or Toronto College of Music.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.
Principal Musical Institution in Canada.
CALENDAR FREE.
Geo. Gooderham, Pres. F. H. Torrington, Mus. Dir.

W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
PIANO PLAYING—its higher development, harmony composition, etc.
PRIVATE STUDIO—
NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO.

THE VOICE
Tone-production, Cultivation, Style and Repertoire.

W. ELLIOTT HASLAM
SPECIAL COURSE FOR TEACHERS
Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's, Toronto.
Reception hours from 2 to 3 p.m. every day excepting Tuesday and Friday.

BERNHARD WALTHER
The Belgian Solo Violinist
at Toronto College of Music, and
MADAME WALTHER
The English Balladist (Soprano)
53 Carlton Street. Concert engagements, Recitals and Musical At Homes accepted.

Singing and Declamation
THOROUGHLY TAUGHT
...ORATORIO, BALLAD OPERA...
Careful attention given to beginners.

P. DELASCO
has sung with success in the following theaters: La Scala, Milan; Covent Garden, London; Metropolitan Opera, New York; and in concert with Nordica, Marteau, Juch and Musini. Concert engagements accepted.
Studio, Room X, Confederation Life Building.

MR. and MRS. KLINGENFELD
Violin, Voice Culture, Piano and Theory
494 Huron St., 7 doors north of Bloor St. or Metropolitan School of Music.
Concert Engagements and Recitals

DR. CHAS. E. SAUNDERS
SINGING MASTER AND FLUTIST
Pupils received. Special attention given to voice production and to the study of the highest class of vocal and flute music. Concert engagements accepted.
32 St. Mary Street.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
274 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
Professor of Singing Toronto Conservatory of Music. Concerts directed. Voice Production and the Art of Singing taught. Concert repertoire formed. Graduate and certified pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam. Reception hours, 3 to 4 p.m., Monday and Friday at Conservatory of Music. Residence, 4 Pembroke Street.

HERR RUDOLF RUTH
Piano and Violoncello
Toronto College of Music and 92 Wellesley Street

WALTER H. ROBINSON
Singing Master, Conductor and Tenor Soloist.
Gives instruction in Voice Culture
Vocal instructor Toronto College of Music and of Haverhill Hall Ladies' School, Conductor of Church of Redeemer Choir, Toronto University Glee Club and Toronto Male Chorus. Studio—Care R. S. Williams & Son Co., Ltd., 143 Yonge St.

GIUSEPPE DINELLI
Solo Violoncellist and Accompanist
TEACHER OF
PIANO AND CELLO
At Conservatory of Music and 94 Gerrard Street East

MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN
(Fellow Toronto College of Music)
Concert Pianist and Accompanist
Choir Director of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and teacher of the Piano at the Toronto College of Music. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—542 Parliament Street, or The Toronto College of Music. Telephone 1062.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK
Specialist in Tone Production, Voice Culture and Expression.
CONCERT AND ORATORIO TENOR
Solo Tenor Philharmonic Society, Kingston
Residence (morning), 63 Huntley Street. Studio (afternoon), Room 4, Nordheimer's.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College. Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, at 98 Nassau Street.

W. J. McNALLY
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church
Teacher of Piano and Organ at the Toronto College of Music.
Studio—32 Sussex Avenue.

HELEN M. MOORE, Mus. Bac. Theory
and Piano. Experienced in preparing pupils for the Toronto University examinations in Music. Address 20 Maitland St., or Toronto College of Music.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Organist and Choirmaster All Saints' Church. Musical Director Hamilton Ladies' College.
Piano and Organ Playing and Theory
Harmony and Counterpoint taught by correspondence. Address, 6 Glen Road, or Toronto Coll. of Music.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School. Residence, 13 Dunbar Road.

MISS MARGUERITE HALL, A.T.C.M.
(Honorary Graduate Conservatory of Music)
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Harmony and Counterpoint. Engagements for accompanying accepted. Address—21 Bernard Ave., Toronto.

MRS. FRED W. LEE
Pianist and Accompanist
Pupils and concert engagements accepted.
32 Tranby Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

MISS REHAUD
Teacher of Piano
14 Seaton Street

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

DON'T FAIL
To call and see the latest achievement in the manufacture of
ALUMINUM
Mandolines and Guitars
The Aluminum Mandolines and Guitars are unhesitatingly pronounced by musical experts to be one of the highest achievements in tone production. Their very handsome appearance and unquestioned durability adds another new and valued use of this wonderful metal.
SOLE AGENTS:
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

OH, HOW BEAUTIFUL!
This is a common expression when the rich tones of the
R. S. WILLIAMS
PIANOS
are heard. They are not only beautiful in architectural design, but the musical quality is unsurpassed both in volume and mellowness.
B. WILLIAMS, Gen. Manager
WILLIAMS, 143 YONGE ST.

STEINWAY
PIANOS
Endorsed by the most eminent musical authorities in both hemispheres, and acknowledged the
STANDARD PIANOS OF THE WORLD.
Appointed by Royal Warrants piano manufacturers to
Her Majesty Queen Victoria
And their Royal Highnesses
The Prince and Princess of WALES.
Also to
His Majesty
Emperor William of Germany
Sole Canadian Representatives:
A. & S. NORDHEIMER,
Illustrated Catalogue mailed free.
BARRAINS in second-hand Steinway Pianos.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
271 Jarvis Street, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MR. ARTHUR BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne Street Methodist Church. Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
46 Phebe Street.

MADAME STUTTAFFORD, VOICE
Specialist (pupil of Sig. Labiche), Voice culture, Italian method; also pianoforte. Terms moderate. Address A. & S. Nordheimer's, or 183 Church Street.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF PIANO
380 Brunswick Avenue.

MR. V. P. HUNT, Organist and Choir-
master Central Presbyterian Church. Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music. Musical Director of the Demill Coll., St. Catharines.
Residence—361 Church Street.

MONS. F. X. MERCIER, Tenor Soloist
Tone Production, Cultivation and Style.
Concert engagements accepted.
259 Spadina Avenue.

MISS LENA M. HAYES
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
473 Euclid Ave. and Toronto Conservatory of Music.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
363 Church Street. Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of Guitar at the Conservatory of Music.

G. H. OZBURN, Teacher Guitar, Mando-
lin and Banjo; Leader Ozburn Ladies' Guitar and Mandolin Club, 70 Beaconsfield Ave., Metropolitan College of Music, or 300 Yonge Street.

J. W. STOREY
MANUFACTURER OF
GUITARS
Repairer of Guitars, Banjos, Mandolins, Mandolin-Guitars, Mandolin-Banjos, and Banjo-Guitars.
Twenty years' experience.
15 Marion St., Parkdale

JOSEPH HUGILL
445 Yonge Street
Maker and Repairer of Violins, Violas, Cellos, Mandolins and Guitars.
50 years' experience. Repairing old violins a specialty

EDUCATIONAL.

Rapid Business Hand-Writing...
Is a most important qualification for a young man. Good writers can always command paying positions. The best teachers of writing in Canada are at the
British American Business College
Co., Ltd.
Confederation Life Building, Toronto
Edw. Trout, Pres. D. Hoskins, Sec.

From EASTER to July 30
A term of fifteen weeks may be profitably spent at the
Central Business College
of Toronto
Plenty of time to acquire a good practical knowledge of Bookkeeping and other Commercial subjects.
Ample time to get up Stenography and Typewriting for a good commercial position.
A special class from July 5 to July 30 for Teachers.
Get particulars. Address
W. H. SHAW, Principal,
Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

From EASTER to July 30
A term of fifteen weeks may be profitably spent at the
Central Business College
of Toronto
Plenty of time to acquire a good practical knowledge of Bookkeeping and other Commercial subjects.
Ample time to get up Stenography and Typewriting for a good commercial position.
A special class from July 5 to July 30 for Teachers.
Get particulars. Address
W. H. SHAW, Principal,
Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

From EASTER to July 30
A term of fifteen weeks may be profitably spent at the
Central Business College
of Toronto
Plenty of time to acquire a good practical knowledge of Bookkeeping and other Commercial subjects.
Ample time to get up Stenography and Typewriting for a good commercial position.
A special class from July 5 to July 30 for Teachers.
Get particulars. Address
W. H. SHAW, Principal,
Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

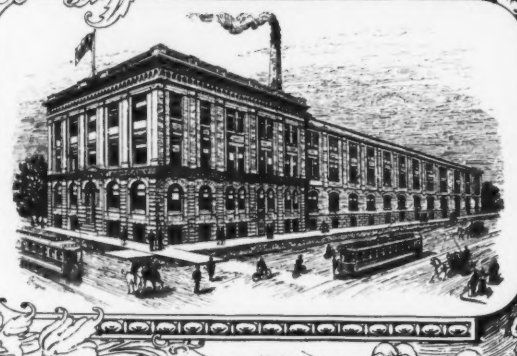


JUBILEE VIOLET PERFUME
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF
MADE BY
JOHN TAYLOR & COMPANY
TORONTO & ONT.

THE LARGEST AND BEST
EQUIPPED ESTABLISHMENT
OF THE KIND
IN CANADA

Artistic Designs

All PROCESSES



CORNER KING & BATHURST STREETS
TORONTO PHOTOGRAPHING CO.

THE JUNE NUMBER OF
The DELINEATOR IS CALLED THE
EARLY SUMMER NUMBER

and its presentation of warm weather modes, fabrics, dress trimmings and millinery is made brilliantly attractive by the handsome colored plates. The literary features include contributions by a quintette of famous women. Sister Angeline, a daintily humorous story of life in a Louisiana convent school, is by Molly Elliot Seawell, author of "The Sprightly Romance of Marzac," the New York Herald's \$3,000 prize story. In the fourth number of the series on Social Life in American Cities, Anne H. Wharton, author of "Through Colonial Doorways," etc., discusses with authority Society in Philadelphia. Of Allied interest is Anna T. Sadler's account of the Lady Antiquarians of Montreal. Jennie M. Drake's second study of New York Social Types will be found quite as pleasantly critical as was her description of the Metropolitan Woman of Society. In timely recognition of the season for fitting is the paper by Mary Cadwalader Jones, entitled At Home and Abroad. Mrs. Witherspoon's June Tea-Table Chat, Mr. Vick's suggestions for the Flower Garden, and the pages devoted to Seasonable Cookery and the New Books are of habitual excellence. The Young Folks will find described some novel forms of entertainments, and the children are not forgotten. Ladies interested in artistic needlework should not miss this number, the regular departments of Tatting, Crocheting, Lace Making, etc., being supplemented by Emma Haywood's special designs for Fancy Stitches and Embroideries and Ecclesiastical Embroidery, and Bertha E. J. Blodgett's directions for making an embroidered box for presentation to a June bride.

Subscription price \$1 a year, post paid. Single copies 15c. each.

The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

33 RICHMOND STREET WEST

TORONTO, Ont.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Hetherington, who has spent the winter at the Gilmour in Ottawa, returns to Toronto very shortly.

Mrs. J. G. Beard, who is living in Troy, will visit Toronto during the summer.

Mayor Marks of Port Arthur was a handsome type seen among the promenaders at the Show.

Mrs. Bunting has taken a house in St. Patrick street and will, I am pleased to hear, take up a permanent residence in Toronto.

Mr. G. T. Blackstock is visiting his parents in Homewood avenue.

Miss Editha Hirst, pupil of Mr. Elliott Haslam, left this week for Detroit to assist at a musical recital.

Miss Webb of Maplehurst, Brighton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb of Inglewood.

Mr. J. K. Kerr is back from England.

"A perfectly lovely tea" is the way a pretty girl describes Mrs. Alfred Beardmore's Wednesday afternoon function.

By the way, I wonder are we to see that vision of chiffon and violets this year at the races, which represented our first glimpse of Miss

**CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER
ANNUAL CHOIR CONCERT**

Association Hall, Tuesday, May 11, 8 p.m.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO "SAMSON"

MR. WALTER H. ROBINSON, Conductor.

Tickets 25 cents. No extra charge for reserved seats. Plan opens at Nordheimer's Friday, May 7, 10 a.m.

CONCERT AND RECITAL

Association Hall, Monday, May 10, at 8 p.m.

ARTISTS: Miss Kate Archer, Mus. Bac., Tor.; Violinist: Miss Franziska Heinrich, Pianist: Miss Edythe Hill, Contralto: Miss Beatrice Hamilton, M.E., Elcctionist: Mr. H. M. Blight, Baritone: Mr. Paul Babin, Cellist.

Tickets 25 cents; reserved seats 25 cents extra. Plan at Nordheimer's.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Damon and Pythias FRIDAY, May 7th

Under the auspices of Toronto Lodge, No. 30, K. of P.

Colleen Bawn MATINEE, May 8th

Under the direction of Doris EVENING, May 8th

Mr. H. N. SHAW, B.A.

Tickets, 25c., 50c. and 75c.

Lucy Schroeder, whose engagement to a lucky man from Manchester I see announced in the New York papers? Mrs. and Miss Schroeder have been for some time installed in an elegant home in New York, but alas! Cottonopolis will perhaps rob Gotham of that home's chief ornament.

New Address 81 YONGE Near King



NEXT!
THE
**O. J. C.
RACES**

Society functions follow each other in such rapid succession—no sooner are you dressed for one than another is talked of. Last week it was horse show, now O. J. C. Races hold the boards.

For men the question will be Race Hats.

We sell all the good kinds and the stylish kinds. Our stock represents the best makes of the best makers—Silks—Felts—and Soft Hats.

Special Race Styles

W. & D. DINEEN
81 Yonge Street

**R. WOLFE THE NOTED
Ladies' Tailor**

Is now ready to take orders for fine Tailor-made and Fancy Costumes for the Races.

We have imported a specially selected stock for Costumes and Wraps suitable for Race week.

Our Millinery show-room is the finest in the city. Call and inspect.

Bicycle Costumes from \$10 to \$15.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

R. WOLFE
107 Yonge St.

Artistic Dressmaking

and Ladies' Tailoring

Also Latest Novelties in Spring Millinery
Veilings, Flowers, Etc. Etc.

French Millinery Emporium

37 King Street West (opp. Mail Office)

MRS. A. BLACK, (MGR.)

USE LAWSON'S

DELICIOUS

Teas and Coffees

Phone 4167. 465 Yonge St.

"Make haste slowly and not overdo"

Is the motto of...

**The Cleveland
Cycling Academy**

Unflagging patience and perseverance displayed by the efficient staff of teachers.

Handsomely furnished sitting and dressing rooms. Cycling skirts. Lady attendant.

**Largest and Best Equipped
Cycling School in Canada.**

Granite Rink - - Church Street

Open Daily from 8.30 a.m. until 10.30 p.m.

THE DOREN WEND CO., LTD.
103-105 YONGE STREET

OUR SUPREMACY

Grand Rally

IN...

**HAIR
GOODS**



As there are a great number of holidays in store—24th May, the Races, Queen's Jubilee, June 22, and Dominion Day, July 1—we have resolved to cut down prices, giving extra reductions on all hair goods sales to July 1. The variety of our styles are numerous. In Bangs we show the latest and newest. We have Switches in all lengths by the thousands. Wigs and other designs in hair goods in every shade.

Ladies, before crossing the ocean or visiting watering places, should inspect our stock, also provide themselves with our Curline, used for curling, crimping and frizzing the hair sold at 25c per bottle. We also keep a large line of Curling Lamps and Curling Tongues.

**FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
WALL PAPERS**

The Finest and Most Artistic Goods ever Imported—French, English, American and Domestic. We are selling the above at one-third the original cost, at the old stand.

MERRETT'S - 163 King Street West



**THE
ALE AND PORTER**

...OF...

JOHN LABATT

LONDON, CAN.

Received MEDAL and HIGHEST POINTS awarded on this Continent at the
WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893

JAS. GOOD & CO. R. H. LABATT
YONGE & SHUTTER STS., TORONTO. 18 HUGHSON ST. S., HAMILTON

Wedding Cakes

The finest materials and
the most artistic decoration,
at
40C. PER LB.

Try Our Maple Cakes, Made from Pure Maple Sugar

GEORGE COLES

Baker and Confectioner

719 YONGE STREET

BEAUTY!

Ladies are in a flutter over the wonderful new invention and magic beautifier—the "Paris Face Steamer." It absolutely removes wrinkles and all facial blemishes, giving to the face a pearly blooming purity. Crowds of ladies are buying them and are unanimous in their opinion—that it is the most wonderful beautifier yet produced. Manufactured only by the Paris Face Steaming Co., 11 King St. W., upstairs, over the Basinetto.



FREEHOLD LOAN & SAVINGS CO

DIVIDEND NO. 75

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, both days inclusive. Noticed is hereby given that the general Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the Company will be held at 2 p.m. Tuesday, June 1, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of Directors, etc.

By order of the Board,
S. C. WOOD, Managing Director,
Toronto, 21st April, 1897.

Canada's Comeliest City, Sun-Kissed Smiling Toronto.

Mr. Beckles Willson, Traveling Correspondent of the London Daily Mail, Sizes Up Toronto's Pretty Women and Pallid Men.

TORONTO—pearl of cities! of matchless women and pallid men—of buxom streets and dainty architecture—the sole British city where the inroads of ice-water and doughnuts are most manifest—at once the most English and the most American of Canadian cities—the city of Goldwin Smith and Dr. Parkin; where the street cars and the beer casks do not run on the Sabbath; a city typographically yet not morally flat; and lacking only in these ultra-mountainism and—a mountain!

Toronto is the most beautiful city in North America. It is as artistic as Boston without Boston's compression; it is as clean and open as Philadelphia without Philadelphia's diffusion. Its public and private buildings—its "sky scrapers" have an architectural unity which Chicago and New York cannot boast; and Toronto has done what no other city of 200,000 inhabitants has done—more than doubled its population in ten years. If this is not enough to demonstrate Canada's progress, there is nothing left but to turn west to the mines of British Columbia, where, I am told, villages at daybreak apply for a charter at noon, and elect a mayor and a board of aldermen at sundown.

Yet Toronto is a gay city. I know no other word to express it. It bears no marks of wear, of use, of crime, of passion, of poverty. It is a city without slums and without noise. Every day at a certain hour the gaily-dressed crowds fill the streets, as the clockwork figures strut about Mr. Edison's electrical banyard; the electric cars move about like automatic serpents, and then night comes—all disappear into their box in this most moral, orderly and Puritanical of cities. Toronto contains one church for every eight hundred of her inhabitants, which I am given to understand is a greater percentage of churches than any other city in the world possesses.

At seven o'clock on Saturday night the saloons and bar-rooms close—and yet no riot ensues. "Robbing the poor man of his beer" is no shibboleth in a place where rich and poor alike drink water. I have watched them here at the hotels and in the private houses pouring quarts of this cheerless liquid into their stomachs, and understood why the Torontonians was gaunt, and sad-eyed, and dyspeptic, and why I couldn't help admiring his women-folk more than himself. Yet, uninviting as it is to the stranger, Saturday night possibly has its charms for the Toronto people. Yet I am inclined to think the adoption of the title SATURDAY NIGHT for one of the most popular publications of the city was a shrewd stroke of enterprise on the part of the proprietors. They must have understood what a long-felt want was, and how to fill it.

But to Toronto itself. It is the center, commercially, religiously, and educationally, as well as politically, of the opulent province of Ontario.

As I stood on the top of the new Parliament buildings, and looked out over Lake Ontario, a distant mist caught my eye. That mist was only some fifty miles off, and marked the spot where thunder the mighty Falls of Niagara. The eye does not have to travel so far to observe the curious sandy triangular strip of island, which, lying exactly opposite the city, forms the bay of Toronto. This island is a great place for the Toronto folk in the summer, although it is deserted now; a sort of Coney Island, or Margate, studded with merry-go-rounds, band-stands, dancing pavilions, and a few thousands of the Toronto equivalent of 'Arry and 'Arriet. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club has its club house here, and the hotel at Hanlan's Point is owned by Edward Hanlan, the Canadian, who was lately champion sculler of the world.

The new Parliament building is a superb edifice in brown stone, and is what is known as "Neo-Grecian" style, and altogether different from any other public building in Canada. The total cost was barely a million and a half dollars, yet the effect both within and without is infinitely more impressive and sumptuous than the egregious Capitol at Albany, which cost upwards of 20,000,000 dollars. The frescoes and decorations of the interior, particularly that of the Legislative Chamber, which is fitted up for ninety-four members, each granted 600 dollars as a sessional allowance, are worth traveling a long way to see. There has been no "jobbing" here. The oak carving on every hand is really of oak, and not of papier-mache, and the furniture and appointments, even down to the dinner-service of the Speaker—which the chief messenger exhibited to me with a proper pride—are of the most solid and sterling description, selected with an eye both to beauty and durability.

But if the provincial Parliament building is splendid and sumptuous, it is not a whit more so than that striking ensemble of college architecture known as the University of Toronto. In fact, all about one, as far as the eye can reach, are great buildings with lofty towers—some straight up and uncompromising, like that of the Old World St. Stephen's, yet with not less ornament, others with Grecian roofs, yet all, whether cathedral or observatory, college or club-house—all lofty, all warm-hued, all rich in design. Montreal, I thought, was beautiful; but Montreal is cold and stern—even ugly—compared with this. And Toronto owes nothing to her site, which is as flat as a pancake; but this defect, which seems irremediable to the average nineteenth century man, will be easily overcome by the Torontonians of the twentieth century. Here, in the Queen's Hotel, is a gentleman who says Toronto's mountain is only a matter of time.

"We'll make a mole hill of it in 1920. If we can harness Niagara Falls, and have electric light and electric cars, and phonographs and telephones, there's nothing very wonderful in a mountain. We all admit Toronto's too flat, and that you can't have a perfect city that's altogether dead level; so some day we'll dump a good-sized hill down in Riverdale Park by some undiscovered process, and mark my words, when we do have a hill, it'll make that mountain at Montreal look darned sick. I can tell you!"

I do not exaggerate when I say that the

women of Toronto are the prettiest and best dressed on the American continent. The apparently eternal sunshine with which the city is bathed tempts them out of doors, and it is as much as an average wayfarer can do to make his way through the throngs of pedestrians which fill King and Queen and Yonge streets.

Appropos of sunshine, I should like to present Londoners with a few figures dealing with this commodity. I have been told that the total number of sunny days last year in London was 61. In Toronto it was 190. The number of hours of sunshine in Milan in the month of March was 293; in Toronto it was 389, rising in June to 470. The average number of cloudy days per month is less than five, and for several years there have been none at all in June, July and August. As to the temperature of the winter of 1896, Londoners would be surprised to hear that in January last not a fleck of snow was to be seen. The Riviera could not do better than that.

BECKLES WILLSON.



"Well, I must be 'orf."
"What for?"
"It's gettin' late."
"Where do you live?"
"Next door."
"Garn, what's your 'urry? You can fall 'ome."—Pick-Me-Up.

Some Gossip from Europe.

IT is instructive to observe the growing interest taken in the colonies by the London newspapers. The new paper, the Mail, by its enterprise in sending out traveling correspondents to round up the Empire, has no doubt done much to bring about this result, but, beyond and above that, there is a feeling that any day something may happen which will make it important that the various members of the family should understand each other.

Appropos of this, the last issue of the 'St. James Budget contains the following: God Save the Queen was sung in the Ontario Legislature recently. Mr. Hardy, the Premier, had moved an address of congratulation to Her Majesty on her record reign, and during the reading of the resolution the House rose as one man, and, the Premier leading off, first sang the National Anthem, and then gave three hearty cheers. There is a robust and spontaneous colonial enthusiasm about this proceeding which overrides formalities. Why should not our own House of Commons give way a little when the time comes, after the same fashion? Mr. Asquith once suggested that a "musical hour" in Parliament would be a great relief. But if the House of Commons agreed (as a surprise) to join in the National Anthem after prayers on the occasion nearest to Commemoration Day, Mr. Speaker would hardly interfere with his "Order! Order!"

Miss Annie C. McQueen, writing to SATURDAY NIGHT from Paris, gives us interesting items about Francisque Sarecy and Camille Flammarion as follows: "Uncle Francisque," as the eminent French critic, Francisque Sarecy, is dubbed by his friends, recently played a trick on some of his ancient colleagues that they are still laughing over. He had offered a little supper to these good comrades in a little cafe familiar to them all in early Bohemian days, and when the over-joyous guests left their host and dived for their hats, where they remembered leaving them, a general uplifting and replacing of hats took place. "Not mine," growled each one; "those are not my initials in the crown." Suddenly someone looked toward "Uncle Francisque," and there he sat doubled up with laughter. Light dawned on the case. The distinguished writer had amused himself by clinging in the bottom of each hat a gummy band that masked the original initials of its owner, and where appeared in Gothic letters these expressive words:

Ah! M. . . !
C'est pas le mien!
(Ah! but! That is not mine!)

A speech that each one, without having read the text, had murmured in his search. "Uncle Francisque" is not growing old, for all they say so.

The astronomer, Flammarion, can be seen any day strolling by the Luxembourg garden on his way to the Observatory. He is a short, stout man with a bushy brown beard, laughing brown eyes, and even, white teeth inside a large mouth, that I have seen penetrated by an ordinary toothpick used on a Latin quarter corner in broad daylight. An English friend went to visit Flammarion at his charming home near Paris. It is an ancient stopping-place of kings, a sort of half-way house to Fontainebleau, and is filled with souvenirs from many distinguished people. The astronomer was seated tranquilly before a grate fire, dressed in a shabby old blue gown and a pair of well worn felt slippers. He lent himself cordially to conversation and talked everything from stars to coals. The fire needed banking, and Mrs. Flammarion said, like any ordinary wife to an ordinary husband, "Go and get some coal." Then, when he made a mess of it, she added, "He does better with stars." After dinner they walked with their guest to the railway

station, and the star-gazer stubbed his toe and nearly fell into a pool of water while pointing out his heavenly friends. He only laughed at the mishap, and, looking into the reflecting water, said archly, "Stars," which knowledge of English pleased him as it might a child.

Last week we reported the betrothal of Prince Christian of Denmark to Princess Alexandra of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. This is now followed with the announcement that Princess Maria Dorothea of Saxe-Coburg and Duke Günther of Schleswig-Holstein are betrothed. The bride, who must not be confused with Princess Marie, one of the daughters of the Duke of Edinburgh now reigning over a German duchy, is but fifteen years of age and is the only daughter of Prince Philip of Coburg and Princess Louise of Belgium, and granddaughter of the famous Princess Clémentine. The bridegroom is aged thirty-four, a staunch Protestant and a brother of the German Emperor, while the bride was brought up a Roman Catholic.

Nervousness is a thing with which the Prince of Wales is but little afflicted. Once at a scientific carnival, while Dr. Playfair was showing the Prince and his party around, they came to a big vat of chemicals, which were hissing and fizzing away in a very forbidding fashion. The Prince seemed much interested in this. Dr. Playfair asked the Prince to dip his fingers in the liquid. There was a titter and some dismay among those who heard; but the Prince, having looked the doctor straight in the face, put his hand into the hissing caldron and found the liquid as cold as ice. The explanation was that some chemicals, when they boil, give out cold instead of heat.

A story is going the rounds in London about a curious telegraphic blunder, of which the Marquis of Breadalbane was once the victim. While at Hyderabad he went on a shooting expedition and had the good fortune to bag a tigress. A message to the effect that he had shot "a fine tigress to-day" was handed in at a roadside station on the Nizam's railway, but the signaller, not being an expert either in calligraphy or genealogy, transmitted it as "Marquess Bread and Bone shot five tigers to-day."

Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who were at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, last fall, are now at the Strand Theater, London, playing in The Queen's Proctor, the well known adaptation of Sardou's comedy, Divorçons. These actors are in favor and a good run for the bright play is expected. Wilton Barrett has secured a short lease of the Lyric Theater and is playing The Manxman, having, at least temporarily, dropped The Daughters of Babylon, and The Sign of the Cross.

An Aunt's Advice.

Brought a Young Lady Out of the Shadow of Death.

A Remarkable Case That Vividly Shows the Wonderful Health-Restoring Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Orangeville Banner.

There is no doubt at all that many people are prejudiced against proprietary medicines, and equally no doubt many look upon the testimonials published as much in the nature of an exaggerated puff. If the *Banner* has been tainted with this feeling it has, so far as one medicine is concerned, had its doubts removed. We refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, concerning the curative qualities of which strong claims have been made, and proofs advanced in their support which seemed equally strong. But it is when one comes across in their own locality a case almost rivaling any that have been made public, that doubt disappears and conviction follows. Such a case the *Banner* came across and investigated, and now gives the facts. The case is that of Miss Sarah Langford, an estimable young lady who resides in the neighborhood of Camilla. We were told she had been brought near to death's door and had been restored to health through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We decided, however, to cast heresy aside and investigate for ourselves.

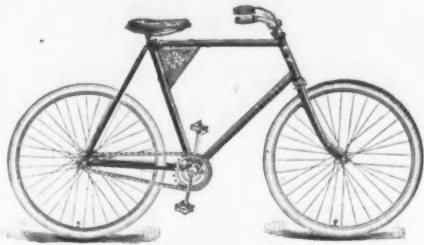
We found Miss Langford the picture of health and good spirits at her pleasant home in Camilla. In response to our enquiries as to her illness and the cause of her recovery, she expressed her willingness to satisfy our curiosity, and, as she added, relate her experience for the good of others afflicted as she was. Her story very briefly, was as follows:

"I had la grippe in the spring of 1894, I did not seem to get over the effects of the attack, and as the summer progressed became weak and listless. Any kind of work became a burden to me. After pumping a pail of water from the well, I would have to stand and hold my hands over my heart for a moment or so, it would flutter so violently. I could not go upstairs without difficulty, and towards the last would have to rest on the steps, and when I got to the top, lie down until I could recover my breath. I became a mere skeleton, my cheeks were like wax and my lips colorless. I lost all appetite and my meals often went untasted. Medicine seemed to have no effect upon me. I was getting weaker all the time, and at last began to give up hope of recovery. My parents were, of course, in great distress, and I knew by the looks and actions of friends who called to see me that they thought I was doomed to an early death. Then a dear lady friend died and I managed out of love for her to drag myself to her funeral. The sensation of seeing her laid away, believing that I would soon follow her, was a strange one. Shortly after this an aunt of mine, Mrs. Wm. Henderson, of Toronto, came to visit at our place. My condition troubled her very much, and she insisted on my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To please her I consented, but with little hope of any good result. The effect, however, was wonderful and a pleasing surprise to me. I soon began to feel more cheerful and seemed to feel stronger. Then my appetite began to improve and the color return to my cheeks and lips. From that hour I steadily gained strength, and was soon enjoying my former excellent health, and I am sincere in expressing my belief that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do I owe my recovery."

Enquiry among neighbors corroborated Miss Langford's story as to her illness and remark-

There is a Grace and Style about the . . .

'97 Viking



That has not been duplicated

HAS NO EQUAL

As an Easy Running Wheel

Because:

Its mechanical construction is something new.

Perhaps there will come a time when others will be just as good, but not this year.

Two Models—Price \$100 and \$75

NORSEMAN BICYCLES

An up-to-date '97 Wheel and fully guaranteed . . .

\$60

Canadian Agents

UNION MFG. CO.
Toledo, O.

Bertram & Co.

53 YONGE STREET

Millinery

We will be delighted to show you our complete and well assorted stock. The latest and leading styles and newest designs, artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.

Miss Jennie Hovenden

113 King Street West



Fully Guaranteed

Welland Vale BICYCLES

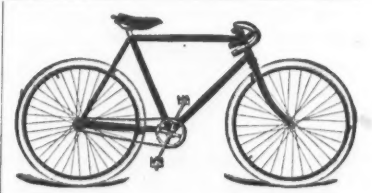
are Built on Sound Mechanical Principles.

"Perfect" "Garden City" and "Dominion"

WELLAND VALE MANUFACTURING CO.

Toronto Store—77 Yonge Street

Factory—
St. Catharines, Ont.



able recovery. In her case, at least, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given a striking proof that they possess wonderful merits.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Unanswerable.

How a young man in Washington imposed upon the good nature of his friend and roommate is reported by the *Star*, which thus discharges the duty imposed on the modern newspaper of giving its readers all the important events of the day.

"I don't like a friend to domineer over me," said a young man of patient disposition. "Who has been doing that?"

"My room-mate. He borrowed my evening clothes."

"That's a good deal of liberty."

"I didn't mind it. But when he asked for my umbrella, I told him I might want to use it myself. But he got it just the same."

"How?"

"He simply stood on his dignity and said, 'All right; have your own way. They're your clothes that I'm trying to keep from getting spoiled; not mine.'"

How to Avoid the Evil Effects of the Impure City Water.

First of all don't drink it, but, instead, take part of a lemon and, after squeezing out all the juice, add sugar to suit taste and pour in a bottle of Eude water and stir. This acts upon the stomach, liver and kidneys, relieves thirst, and at this time of the year is the finest tonic known. Try it! Office, 9 Francis street. Phone 2000.

Studio and Gallery

The art critic of the London (Eng.) *Daily Telegraph* comments at some length on this year's exhibition at the Salon of the Champs Elysées. Many of the most prominent artists are to be seen at neither salon; having achieved a reputation they have withdrawn to their own "private chapels, there to sit in majestic solitude, while their worshippers swing the censers and overwhelm them with indiscriminate praise." This the writer considers unwise. "We have seen," he says, "what such wilful self-isolation did to conquer, and to finally obscure, the art of our own Rossetti, by nature one of the most splendidly endowed painters of this century." M. Jean Paul Laurens exhibits a huge decoration, *Le Lauragnais*, which is "flat and cruelly hard, though its noble sincerity of style commands respect." Of M. Bonnat's work in one of his portraits the remark is made, "Largeness of view, breadth of handling, mark all he does, but how is it possible to completely enjoy painting in which living flesh appears to have been replaced by the palest modeled clay?" M. Bouguereau is represented by *Compassion*, in which the figure of the crucified Saviour is painted with the usual completeness and warmth of this artist. M. Henner exhibits one of his beautiful blondes with unbound hair relieved against the usual blue-green background. "Breadth, richness, simplicity, mark this latest effort of a master, narrow indeed, and too easily content to repeat himself, but rarely less than a master." M. Lefebvre's two portraits show his usual exquisite draughtsmanship. The portrait of Monseigneur le Duc d'Aumale by Benjamin Constant seems to be a great disappointment. "The generous and enlightened owner of Chantilly appears seated under a tree in the park of his splendid domain, wearing, with a plain, dark suit, blue velvet breeches and leather gaiters. This important canvas has a certain repose and distinction, . . . but the pathos and grandeur of a virile old age, suggestive of a great past and a present borne with patience and dignity, are here all too imperfectly given. To see what can be done with such a subject we need but to remember what Giovanni Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, and, in our own day, Mr. Watts, have made of it." M. Detaille's commission from the French state for *Les Funérailles de Pasteur* from a documentary point of view is all that can be desired, though not from an artistic, and is crude and banal. M. Gérôme, whose work the critic would willingly approach with all respect, has produced one of the weakest things he has done in his long and honorable career in *Entree de Jesus à Jerusalem, le Jour de Rameaux*.

Mr. E. Wyly Grier will send to the coming exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists the portrait of Mrs. Edward Blake that was shown in Ottawa this year. It is certainly a fine piece of characterization, leaving one with the impression of a distinct individuality in the easy pose of the figure, the pleasant yet firm-set mouth. The treatment of the snowy hair is particularly happy. A portrait of Mr. William Bell is begun, the head is almost finished and is a strong likeness—but of this we hope to speak again. It is for the Globe Loan and Savings Company. Another portrait from the same brush which is yet unfinished as to the more unimportant parts, is that of Mr. R. H. Gray. The attitude is most unconventional and yet strikes one as "conversational," if the word may be so used; with the right arm over the back of the chair and the right hand clasping one of the bars at its back, the sitter faces you with legs crossed, and a certain humorous twinkle in the eyes dispels what might have been a rather care-oppressed expression, and makes the vigorous and life-like *fac-simile* in a very real sense a "speaking likeness." Mr. Grier expects to leave about the middle of May for his summer home in Niagara, and a number

MR. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.

... PORTRAIT PAINTER
places his studio open to visitors on Fridays from 3 to 5 p.m.
10 Elmley Place
St. Joseph Street

J. W. L. FORSTER
Has removed his studio to
24 King Street West, Manning Arcade

F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES
PORTRAITURE
144 Yonge Street

THE LATEST THING IN ART
is a new Color Box, small, for the vest pocket. It is English, you know, and is designed to enable the artist to make interesting sketches on the target up to 2,000 yards. It contains three colors, white and two blacks, or white, black and red, and three brushes, complete for 25c. It works beautifully. Kindly let your shooting friends know this. They will not fail to thank you.

THE ART METROPOLE (Limited)
The Complete Art Store, 131 Yonge Street, Toronto

MISS EDITH HEMMING . . . Artist
Portraits & Miniatures on Ivory and Porcelain
Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 3746

IVORY MINIATURES
and Water Color Portraits
For Wedding and Christmas presents.
GAGEN & FRASER, Photographers, 79 King St. W.

HARRIS & CO.
44 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
ARTISTS' COLOR MEN.
EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE
PROFESSIONAL & AMATEUR ARTIST

PRESENTATION OF
ADDRESSES
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED
BY A. H. HOWARD
53-KING-ST-EAST
TORONTO



The Gendron Ladies, No. 24

THE SILVER BEAUTY

Silver finished frame with rims and guards to match, Christy, Brooks or Garford Saddles.

STAND ABOVE COMPARISON WITH ANY OTHER WHEELS

It is distinctly unique in its style of construction. It embodies several features which cannot be found in any other bicycles.
The Gendron patent silver finish is guaranteed to outwear several coats of the best enamel. It will not rust or scratch.
It has the easiest running 3-point bearings, which were so plainly proven to be superior to the 4-point bearing in a coasting contest in which the GENDRON outclassed over 300 bicycles, among which the 4-point bearing bicycles were conspicuous at the rear end of the procession.
Before buying your '97 mounts we invite you to examine the Gendron Silver Beauties. Samples can be seen at

1384 1-2 QUEEN STREET WEST 320 QUEEN STREET EAST
472 QUEEN STREET EAST 242 YONGE STREET
or at Head Office and Factory—
COR. DUCHESS and ONTARIO STREETS
GENDRON MFG. CO., Ltd. - TORONTO, Ont.

of pupils belonging to his summer classes will begin work there this month. Mrs. Grier and Mrs. Sage are chaperoning the ladies belonging to the school. Regular criticisms will be given twice or three times a week by Mr. Grier on both landscape and out-door figure painting.

There was sold at the Roberts Art Gallery last week an authenticated water-color by Watteau, which is quite as charming as it is rare. It represents two very graceful figures dancing the minuet, a group of onlookers to the right and three musicians grouped on the left. The picture is about six by eight inches, and is finished with exquisite minuteness.

The opening of the twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will be Thursday evening next, May 13.

Considerable attention has been attracted in the art world by a trenchant critique of French and Russian art in the *Vestnik Evropy* by the eminent Russian sculptor Antokolsky, whose colossal statue was described in this column last week. From the *Literary Digest* we quote a translation of a few passages dealing with the "plein-air" school, the impressionists, and Manet at their head:

"How render this eternal motion, this ever-palpating atmosphere? Above all, how seize the first impression of the object seen without going into details? It is from this first impression that the Impressionists take their name."

"And here is another consequence: out-of-door scenes were painted in the studio, where the colors themselves appear otherwise than as they are. To a true painter of delicate sensibility such disclaim of truth is as painful as squinting eyes or unequally sized hands in figure drawing. To correct this defect of color it is necessary that the object be represented in its exact relation to its surroundings—to do it where and as it is seen. . . . The 'plein-air' artists have proved the justice of their theory; but, on the other hand, when we come to execution, it is clear that the Impressionists for the most part are not proof against criticism. All the world knows that it is easier to sketch than to achieve, and that, in any case, 'the end crowns the work.' Moreover, it is a fact that objects in repose not only lose nothing by being reproduced in all their details, but gain by it. People say to me, 'Come a little farther off, half-close your eyes, and you shall behold nature itself rise before you!' But true art has no need of these artifices; it is as fine near at hand as at a distance; and to half-shut your eyes is to receive an impression of twilight of the hour when, as we say, all cats are gray."

Who does not know that, under the veil, the ladies seem younger and handsomer? I repeat it, true art needs no recourse to such processes. We can, and we should, look it in the face, with open eyes, like truth itself, without optical illusion. . . .

However, M. Antokolsky does not despair of things. Out of impressionisms, pre-Raphaelitisms, decadentisms, and all the other "isms" of modern art, something good must come; they are proof, he says, of an "excess of talent," rather than anything else, and are largely the direct result of great ambitions working in a restricted but overworked field—there are, he says, thirty thousand artists in Paris alone!

LYNN C. DOYLE

The Statistician.

New England Magazine.
A juggler with percentages, who works
In parts and totals, may-be's, might-have-been's,
Ranging his numerals in rows, like pins
Set by machine, on paper; a clerk of clerks.
Who knows how many shoes we sold the Turks;
Revels in figures like a fiend in sins;
Makes merry when a fiscal year begins;
And says Wise Government behind his backs,
But after he is done with all his sums,
Pounds, dollars, yards, tons, cases, barrels, bales,
How can it be that still his country ails,
With little children starving in the slums,
The rich still growing richer, and the poor
With bursting hearts still learning to endure?
FRANK ROE BACHELDER

When the Load Falls Off.

We all remember how Bunyan's Pilgrim said he felt when the heavy load tumbled off his back. Well, there's a prodigious lot of pilgrims in this world who don't talk so much about their experience as he did, and yet carry pretty heavy loads of many sorts. Perhaps the commonest of these loads is the load of disease and the things that are piled on the top of it.

Yes, and when anybody comes along or turns up by the side of the road, who is able to cut or untie the cords which bind that load on our aching backs—so it will tumble off finally and for ever—we thank him with all our might. We ought to, anyway.

Just read this little tale from one of these pilgrims. She had no biographer; she writes it herself:

"Nearly all my life," she tells us, "I have suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia, and the pains and troubles that go with it. I was nearly always tired, weak and weary. I had a foul taste in the mouth, especially in the morning, and felt sick as if I should vomit. After eating I had a gnawing pain at the chest and at the pit of the stomach."

"I lost all relish for food, and when it was placed before me I couldn't eat, owing to the awful bitter taste in my mouth. Often I was too weak to do any work. I wasn't always the same, however. Sometimes I felt better, and then again worse. But I was never well and strong like so many other women I saw around me. For years and years I bore the burden of disease."

"As time went on I got so weak and thin that my friends were frightened to look at me. I tried doctors and chemists, one after another, and took all kinds of medicines, but none of them did me any real good."

"In January last I had a very bad attack and was so ill that my mistress had a doctor to attend me; but he was not able to relieve me. Then my mistress thought of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and said she would recommend me to try that."

"I got a bottle of it, and after taking it for no longer than one week I felt very much better. I felt like eating something; and what I did eat agreed with me. It didn't make me feel badly at all, as food had always done before. This was the effect of the Syrup."

"So, for this good reason, I kept on taking it, and after two bottles were gone, all the pain was gone."

"I felt so strong and well that I was not the same person. I felt as if a load were lifted off from me, so light and happy was Mother Seigel's Syrup made me. What a pity it is that I did not know of it and use it years ago. How much suffering I should have been spared. I am very willing you should publish what I have said. Perhaps it may be useful to some one who is troubled with the same complaint."

(Signed) Emma Field, 24 Caversham Road, Kentish Town, London, May 1st, 1894.

No doubt of that, not the least. For there are millions who are laden—many of them well-nigh crushed—with the same old joy-killing complaint—indigestion and dyspepsia. And nothing that was ever known or heard of seems to relieve it, and permanently cure it, like Mother Seigel's Syrup. It goes to the bottom of this complicated malady and makes a thorough job of it. So, at least thousands upon thousands of them say, and they ought to know. It takes away the heavy load and leaves them "light and happy," as Miss Field says it left her.

"My wife is a most original woman," said Brown. "Why when I proposed to her, instead of saying, 'This is so sudden,' she said, 'Well, I think it's about time.'—*Bazar*."

LYMAN BROS. & CO., Wholesale Agents
21 Front Street East, Toronto

The Citizens' Sunday Car Association.

W. R. BROCK, Chairman.

GEO. H. BERTRAM, Vice-President.

H. F. WYATT, Secretary.

MANIFESTO.

Toronto, April 28, 1897.

As the voters of Toronto will be called upon shortly to decide whether a Sunday car service shall be permitted or not, the undersigned desire, with all respect for the opinions of others who regard this question differently, to bring to the notice of their fellow-citizens some of the reasons which induce them to favor the proposed Sunday Service.

They believe: 1. That the changed conditions of modern life, which have increased the population of cities and spread them over large areas, make easy and cheap transportation for the people of large towns on Sundays, as well as week days, an important social and moral consideration.

2. That it will tend to place the poor in the crowded parts of the city on something like an equality with those who can afford carriages or bicycles in maintaining intercourse with their friends, or in getting access with their children to open air and public spaces on the only day on which many families, and especially those of workmen, can enjoy them together.

3. That while the convenience to the public, and particularly to the poor, will be infinitely improved, less labor will be required proportionately for communication throughout the city by a Sunday car service than is at present entailed on coachmen, cabmen and others.

4. That, as the employees of the Street Railway Company are prevented by special by-law from working more than six days in the week, and as the enforcement of this by-law is under heavy penalties in the hands of the civic authorities, it is evident that, in this respect, workmen are thoroughly protected.

5. That a Sunday car service will add to the influence and usefulness of churches and Sunday schools by enabling people to attend places of worship for which they have a personal preference, or with which circumstances have given them a strong personal association.

6. That, in the opportunities which it gives for church attendance, for social and family intercourse, and for healthful and natural recreation, a Sunday car service will tend to strengthen rather than weaken the moral tone of the community.

7. That as, in a total vote of 27,311 polled in 1893, over 13,000 residents of Toronto voted for a Sunday car service, and 11,000 have again lately petitioned for it, it seems arbitrary on the part of those opposed to such a service to impose, by so small a majority, a restriction on the freedom of others as to how they will travel from one part of the city to another, especially as all opponents of Sunday cars are left free to use them or not as they think fit.

The undersigned will be glad if those who sympathize with these views will by their votes at the polls try to give them effect:

M. H. Spink, 580 Ontario street.
John A. Mingay, 128 Macdonell avenue.
Henry Barber, 18 Wellington street.
T. G. Parker, 56 Ross avenue.
S. W. Band, 310 Huron street.
F. Cornish, 332 George street.
Thomas Graham, 42 Esther street.
J. S. Honeysett, 54 Yonge street.
Paul V. Szelski, 305 Manning avenue.
J. J. Hignam, 20 Ontario street.
J. C. Bailey, 211 Carlton street.
C. H. Badenach, 15 and 17 Leader lane.
A. Eichhorn, 38 Wellington street east.
A. H. Marsh, 103 Avenue road.
F. W. Monteth, 1 Store avenue.
John W. Brown, 45 Widmer street.
C. E. Macdonald, 28 Toronto street.
Joe J. White, 10 Bond street.
J. A. Dwyer, 23 Scott street.
D. Hunter, 50 Walton street.
John McKay, 305 York street.
F. W. Harcourt, 113 St. George street.
T. Francis, 205 Yonge street.
W. M. Vale, 41 Widmer street.
Cecil H. Gould, 29 Church street.
A. Pigott, 5 Wilkins avenue.
J. Casey, 4 Regent avenue.
William Dineen, 51 Yonge street.
F. Knight, 30 King street.
John S. Murray, 82 Bedford road.
H. T. Beaton, 75 Yonge street.
Dexter Carpenter, 94 Bellevue avenue.
Eugene O'Keefe, Bond and Gould streets.
William Davis, 95 McGill street.
W. A. Werett, Court House.
E. F. Garrow, 305 Jarvis street.
J. A. C. Carruthers, 545 Jarvis street.
R. H. Temple, 9 Toronto street.
John M. McFarlane, 2 Toronto street.
J. E. Elliott, Church street.
F. G. Soper, Walker House.
J. Thompson, 341 Hayter street.
John Dill, 48 Czar street.
J. F. Davidson, 48 Czar street.
George H. Roberts, 75 Yonge street.
H. A. Collins, 20 Major street.
August Weiser, 81 Yonge street.
W. Beuthner, 81 Yonge street.
G. M. Higinbotham, 15 Wellington street.
A. W. Blackford, 4 Wood street.
Alex. King, 137 Cumberland street.
George Crowther, 519 Eastern avenue.
Willison S. Howard, 29 Front street east.
Lewis A. Howard, 29 Front street east.
A. H. Hoover, 103 Jameson avenue.
W. Junior, 108 Jameson avenue.
E. Walker, 99 St. George street.
D. Miller, 60 Bloor street west.
C. J. Campbell, 23 Manning arcade.
H. B. Howson, 110 Wellington place.
W. D. Blackwell, 6 Pine Hill road.
P. G. Kimmerly, 326 Wellesey street.
W. A. Somerville, 314 Bathurst street.
A. C. Fairweather, 385 Jarvis street.
W. P. Molesworth, 99 St. Joseph street.
T. W. W. Jones, 16 Ulster street.
R. B. Switzer, 99 Bond street.
F. W. Mills, Jr., 272 Patrick street.
W. J. Bryan, 45 Alexander street.
E. Apted, 242 Berkeley street.
John Patton, 224 Queen street east.
A. H. Benis, 230 Dovercourt road.
W. Walker, 29 Front street east.
R. W. Lore, 42 St. George street.
E. T. Malone, 59 Yonge street.
A. H. Yonge, 408 Yonge street.
Reginald Northcote, 29 Church street.
A. H. Canning, 48 Czar street.
Gibson Arnold, 36 Toronto street.
Albert Bowes, 218 King street east.
George M. Mitchell, 49 Wellington street east.
W. R. Brock, 61 Front street east.
Douglas Armour, 53 Cecil street.
W. M. Douglas, 3 Grange road.
W. R. Smyth, 608 Spadina avenue.
Martin Griffin, 10 St. Patrick street.
John H. Moss, 18 and 20 King street west.
C. S. Grant, 9 Peter street.
Donald C. Ross, 103 Adelaide street east.
Fred Langmuir, 118 Tyndall avenue.
T. G. Brough, 38 Avenue road.
H. A. King, 42 St. George street.
George R. R. Cockburn, 619 Sherbourne street.
Edward B. Brown, 99 Wellesey street.
Henry Godson, 170 Jameson avenue.
Charles F. Farley, 523 Ontario street.
Cobban Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.
Frank J. Phillips, Queen's Park.
B. Aylesworth, 20 King street west.
D. Miller, 108 St. Patrick street.
John Payne, 80 Czar street.
H. S. Coleman, 44 Wilcox street.
F. G. Cox, 26 King street east.
S. Crawford, 339 Church street.
Walter Barwick, 18 King street west.
A. E. Webb, 8 King street east.
H. G. Thorley, 235 College street.
Charles A. Pison, 8 King street east.
Charles McPhaden, 238 Bolton avenue.
Peter Ryan, 51 Grosvenor street.
Wm. M. Fahey, 9 Wellington street east.
John Ellis, High Park.
Dr. J. H. Burns, 7 College street.
A. A. Bond, 13 Winchester street.
Alexander Manning, Queen's Park.
Charles Fowler, 50 Sherbourne street.
Dr. George R. Parkin, Upper Can. College.
John Gray Gibson, 11 Gould street.
Fred. Sole, 473 Yonge street.
Charles Townsend, 22 Manning Arcade.
J. O. Kingsmill, 180 St. George street.
J. J. Kingsmill, 4 Grange road.
F. M. Bayne, 82 Gloucester street.
Thomas Fenwick, 25 Brunswick avenue.
R. R. Lockhart, 31 Melinda street.
John J. Dixon, Canada Life Building.
Michael Ryan, 44 George street.
Peter Small, 70 St. Mary street.
Fred. J. Lumsden, 61 Front street east.
W. F. Dineen, 81 Yonge street.
Wm. Alexander, 75 Yonge street.
Raymond Walker, 285 Yonge street.
W. H. Best, 19 Traubay avenue.
F. E. Dill, 48 Czar street.
H. Budd, 121 St. David street.
A. L. Malone, 59 Yonge street.
Frank Dineen, 81 Yonge street.
D. S. Barclay, 2 Sultan street.
R. Taggart, 81 Yonge street.
J. H. Dummer, 20 Wellesey street.
J. R. Bond, corner College and Yonge.
J. W. Langmuir, 118 Tyndall avenue.
John N. Neill, 49 Wellington street east.

J. W. Beatty, 30 Huron street.
Geo. R. Hargrave, 49 Wellington street east.
Thos. C. Smith, 38 Wellington street east.
W. & E. A. Badenach, 15 and 17 Leader lane.
J. A. McDonagh, 140 Carlton street.
Joseph Wren, 63 King street east.
J. Raine, 23 Cumberland street.
J. Casey, 104 Regent avenue.
Thomas Merrett, 31, 32, 33 Canada Life Bldg.
A. Bourdieu, 81 Yonge street.
Will M. Moylan, 578 Yonge street.
F. B. Lockwood, 36 Oxford street.
A. A. S. Ardagh, Union Depot, G. T. R.
Chris. T. Hohe, 81 Yonge street.
Thomas Collins, 437 Sumach street.
George H. Dill, 48 Czar street.
W. J. Franks, 18 King street west.
E. Powell, 4 Wellington place.
F. O. Cannon, 21 Adelaide street east.
J. Grayson Smith, 238 Richmond street west.
James J. Warren, Freehold Building.
W. S. Miller, 30 St. Alban street.
W. G. H. Lowe, 51 Yonge street.
Fred Bayliss, 354 Givens street.
W. F. Clarke, 380 Wilton avenue.
R. D. Stovell, 80 Jarvis street.
E. A. F. Miles, 123 Yonge street.
W. H. Pearson, Jr., 95 Isabella street.
J. P. Hodgins, 23 Bloor street west.
Arthur M. Scott, 334 Jarvis street.
E. C. Rutherford, 8 King street east.
Augusta Bolte, 47 Colborne street.
G. H. Hall, 182 Lisgar street.
James Pearson, 1 Toronto street.
A. W. Croft, 37 Colborne street.
H. McIntosh, 50 Grenville street.
John L. Coffee, 3 Meredith street.
J. J. Sinclair, 3 Tyndall avenue.
John M. McFarlane, 32 Colborne street.
Henry D. P. Armstrong, 24 Huron street.
H. A. Mathews, 381 Manning avenue.
George Pepper, Roseberry avenue.
Dr. E. H. Scadding, 321 Church street.
W. James Cooper.
George Dunstan, 82 Homewood avenue.
F. E. Galbraith, 523 Danforth avenue.
Giles H. Williams, 97 Gloucester street.
W. G. Thurston, 69 Pembroke street.
K. C. Marshall, 106 O'Hara avenue.
A. White, 275 Sherbourne street.
E. W. Cox, 102 Isabella street.
Noel Marshall, 98 Smith street.
R. M. Simpson, 16 Glen road.
J. R. Warwick, 68 and 70 Front street west.
G. H. Barnett, 32 Adelaide street east.
S. F. McKinnon, 410 Sherbourne street.
John Keith, 92 King street east.
M. Sloane, 191 Gerrard street east.
A. W. Godson, 32 Beatty avenue.
James A. Glover, 222 Clinton street.
H. P. Davies, Rosedale.
F. B. Polson, 102 Pembroke street.
A. A. Medland, Mail Building.
W. K. McNaught, 98 Carlton street.
E. R. Thomas, 109 Yonge street.
E. A. Simpson, 16 Glen road.
Sir Frank Smith, 102 Bloor street.
A. J. Boyd, 119 Bloor street.
J. A. McAndrew, 64 Madison avenue.
W. J. Tremear, 51 King street east.
F. McPhillips, 2 Toronto street.
H. S. Watkins, 62 King street east.
A. Darling, Bay and Wellington streets.
Scott & Walsley, 32 Church street.
H. Wigdor, 77 Charles street.
H. M. Pellatt, 559 Sherbourne street.
A. Burdette Lee, 46 Isabella street.
C. N. Candee, 9 Homewood avenue.
W. E. Burritt, 183 Bay street.
A. G. Feuchon, 10 and 12 Bay street.
R. Southam, 110 Bay street.
J. L. Campbell, 24 Walmer road.
S. Nordheimer, Davenport road.
E. E. Newman, 60 St. George street.
A. E. Peurey, 14 Hazelton street.
J. M. Hedley, 163 College street.
H. P. O'Reilly, 50 Avenue road.
A. Kelly, 45 Metcalfe street.
E. C. Complin, 88 Major street.
R. M. Fitton, 108 Baldwin street.
E. P. Gower, 30 Tranby avenue.
A. H. Crean, 28 Cecil street.
R. W. Barker, 129 Beverley street.
T. G. Menty, 379 Manning avenue.
A. R. Creelman, Freehold Buildings.
F. W. Harcourt, Freehold Buildings.
S. Osler, Freehold Buildings.
T. McGaw, Queen's Hotel.
James Richmond, Queen's Hotel.
W. J. Richardson, Queen's Hotel.
R. Spears, Queen's Hotel.
T. D. McGaw, Queen's Hotel.
W. H. Banks, 254 Jarvis street.
R. E. Menzie, 90 Jameson avenue.
William Threlkeld, 24 Gwynne avenue.
Nicol Kingsmill, 100 Yorkville place.
H. T. Beck, 530 Huron street.
H. A. Warren, 85 Wellesey street.
W. Wallace Jones, 5 Wellesley place.
William Hendrie, Front street.
H. F. Wyatt, 258 Simcoe street.
John G. Ridout, 14 Orde street.
P. J. Strathy, 98 Beverley street.
Dr. F. W. Strange, Simcoe street.
B. B. Osler, Queen's Park.
Prof. James Mavor, Toronto University.
Raymond D. Gamble, 90 St. Joseph street.
H. D. Gamble, 28 Scott street.
J. W. Leonard, 333 Markham place.
John Taylor, 480 Jarvis street.
E. Strachan Cox, 8 Wellesey street.
D. M. Robertson, 40 King street west.
H. J. Richmond, 29 Collier street.
G. S. Morrice, 40 Scott street.
Dr. J. W. Lesslie, 1 St. Patrick street.
F. W. Fellowes, 142 Crescent road.
C. C. Biggar, 28 John street.
A. Cecil Gibson, 64 St. Alban street.
J. Bruce Macdonald, 614 Church street.
Melfort Boulton, 30 Jordan street.
A. R. Faulkner, 30 Indian road.
John Rogers, 13 Collahie street.
Mr. Justice MacMahon, Osgoode Hall.
R. J. Jeffs, 122 Sully street.
Frank C. Cosbie, 157 Bay street.
F. Arnold, 100 Huron street.
J. B. Pattullo, 92 Peter street.
R. Grant, 9 Peter street.
Thomas Blake, 33 Maynard avenue.
J. Conroy, Queen's Hotel.
H. S. Tibbs, Queen's Hotel.
And others.

A Notable Concert.

Mr. Paul Hahn, whose portrait is here given, makes his first formal appeal to the musical public of Toronto next Thursday evening at the Guild Hall, McGill street, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski. Though a very young man, Mr. Hahn has already proved himself a most pleasing and talented performer on the violin-



Mr. Paul Hahn, Cellist.

cello. The assisting artists are all well known to the music-lovers of this city, and a most attractive programme of vocal and instrumental music has been prepared, confined to about ten numbers, so as to avoid undue length or sense of weariness. It is but fair to presume that a most eventful and enjoyable evening will be the natural result of Mr. Hahn's efforts to please his patrons and many friends.

Social and Personal.

Two more Torontonians have gone to the mines. Mr. Robert Fraser and Mr. Harold Montzambert left this week for Rainy River.

Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion and Miss Amy Beatty won the final ties in the ladies' match at the Toronto Golf Club last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Johnston are settled at 27 Avondale avenue, where Mrs. Johnston held her first post-nuptial reception last Monday.

Mr. Shaw and Miss Berryman are giving their Conservatory School of Elocution performances in the Grand instead of the Princess, the stage of the former theater being better adapted to the requirements of the play. This afternoon the Colleen Bawn, with Miss Dixon, niece of Mrs. Jones, in the leading part, is proving a great attraction. To-night Miss Berryman plays Doris.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald gave a matinee luncheon at McConkey's dining-room on Saturday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Cook of Montreal, who were in town over Sunday.

Private theatricals, guild meetings, and various minor semi-business, semi-amusement affairs succeed the great equine festivities and sandwich themselves in before the races of the Ontario Jockey Club, which are looming in the near future, full of promise. There are persons who do not appreciate the pleasure of the Spring Meeting, whose idea of a race meet is beclouded with visions of black-legs, touters and gamblers of divers sorts, and who picture the scene as one of wild confusion and hurly-burly. The O. J. C. Races are for society one large open-air picnic, without the stupidity of the picnic proper, interest being aroused at intervals by the rushing mob of horses, on one of which the god of success is smiling, (and, generally, one has one's money on some other.) There is the look of astonishment at some bizarre costume, or the grunt of approval from some quiet man of some extra smooth tailor-made gown. (The men infinitely prefer the tailor-made women on the paddock.) But the wild visions of those super-good folk who don't attend the Races are the product of an imagination which does them no credit, and good sense should teach them to hide the secret from the world outside.

A Double Masquerade, Miss Marion Chadwick's very funny little farce-comedy, will be presented by a first-rate cast at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening next at 8 o'clock, in aid of the Children's Aid Society. The patronesses are: Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Cattanaich, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. James Plummer, Mrs. Grayson Smith. If Miss Tootsie Macpherson, the spinster from Aberdeen, is half as funny as she was last time I laughed at her, she alone is worth going to see. The other performers have often won their laurels in Toronto. Mr. A. McLean Macdonald, Mr. Holme, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Winans, Mr. O'Reilly, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Hees, Miss Kemp, Miss Ruthven, and the authoress as Joyce Marlowe, recall to me a very smart and capable company, and a most finished presentation seen some time ago.

Mademoiselle Clemence Vanden Broeck will be on a short visit in Toronto before leaving for her home in Brussels.

The Young People's Chapter of St. Luke's Guild give a very original entertainment in the school-house on next Tuesday evening, in aid of the organ fund.

Mr. Charles P. Lennox and Miss Sadie Simpson were married last week in Bloor street Presbyterian church by Rev. W. G. Wallace. Mr. and Mrs. Lennox are to summer at the Island, and will be found in their pretty cottage, 703 Hanlan's Point, next month.

Various small dinners and luncheons have been given by hosts and hostesses in honor of charming visitors. Mrs. C. C. Baines gave a tea on Monday afternoon; Mrs. John Cawthra

gave a luncheon for Miss Bates yesterday; Mrs. Forester was to have had a tiny farewell tea for Miss Greene on Wednesday, but was unfortunately quite ill; Mrs. Alfred Beardmore gave a swell tea for Mrs. Casgrain, of Windsor one day this week.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne and her little daughter will return to Clover Hill next week. Mr. Osborne has gone south to fetch the travelers home.

Mrs. FitzGibbon went to Barrie for a short visit last Tuesday.

Outside of our own Pier Delasco, we have had very few basses-profoundo of late, and when the announcement was made that Signor Foli was to sing in Toronto, I heard numerous questions, "Who is Foli?" It has not required much enquiry, however, for the public to learn that Foli is the greatest English basso of the time, and there will be a great gathering of social and musical coteries in Massey Hall next Wednesday evening, when the basso who made the fame of Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, and True Till Death, will be heard for the first time in Toronto. His trumpet-like tones are said to be a revelation. With him will be a very distinguished company of artists.

The Horse Show, and after, the deluge; and a horrid, mean deluge it was to rain on the very excellent concert of the Toronto Philharmonic, thereby reducing their audience in numbers, however little it affected their enthusiasm. The concert was most enjoyable.

Now It's Race Week.

Last week it was Horse Show. Society was well represented and well dressed. Now comes the O.J.C. Races, Toronto's supreme sporting event, and immediately the dress question for gentlemen and ladies, too, will agitate. Gentlemen will be on the *qui vive* to note what's new and racy in styles, and it wouldn't be Toronto gentlemen if the greatest of care was not given to correctness and becomingness in the dress for Race week. Henry A. Taylor, Draper, of the Rossin Block, will be pleased to have you consult him on styles becoming such an event. His "tips" on prevailing styles you'll find right.

Fire Sale.

A cleaning sale of Merritt's high-grade stock of wall-papers is now going on at the old stand, 163 King street west. Rare bargains in first-class goods are being offered.

MISS M. DOYLE

Has just returned from New York with the very newest designs and latest ideas in

Dress and Mantle Making
34 WILTON AVENUE

The Exhibition of Carbon Photographs now on view in Lyonde's window, 101 King Street West, is a revelation to students of the photographic art.

You're
Never
Left



To walk home because of some tire trouble when you ride...

DUNLOP TIRES

Any possible damage in them can be quickly and easily repaired, no matter where you are, without any other tools than your hands.

Think of your comfort, and ride them!

American Dunlop Tire Co.

TORONTO

What about Your Lawn THIS SEAS'N

If you want to have permanent, rich green, grassy carpet

Sow the Queen City

Lawn Grass Seed

Per lb., 25c. Large packet, 10c.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Ltd.

132 and 134 King St. East—Tel. 1982

J.G. STEWART'S (EDINBURGH) OLD VATTED

SCOTCH WHISKY

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

ASK FOR IT

IF YOU WISH TO RENT

A nice office, try the SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

Apply to Cashier.

This Season's Design of...

SUIT CASE

with double lock catch will more than ever make it the popular traveling case.



MADE BY...

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

Tel. 233

105 King Street West Toronto

We have the largest and most extensive stock of Fine Traveling and Leather Goods in Canada. Send for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue.

We're Talking Again

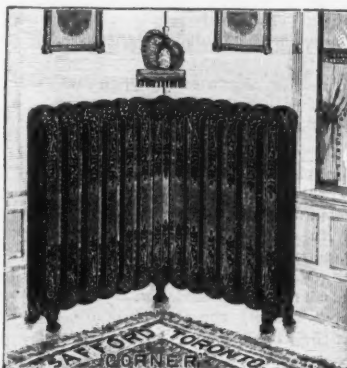
Talking to the hard-to-please people, people who like particular Radiators.

Safford

PATENT SCREWED NIPPLE RADIATORS

For Heating by Hot Water and Steam

Have won in every battle, and will do it again. They are constructed without Bolts, Rods or Packing and cannot leak.



Full particulars on application to...

The TORONTO RADIATOR MAN'G CO., Ltd.
TORONTO, Ont.

The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

...SPECIAL VALUES...

White Muslin Curtains:

- " Dotted frill, 44 in. x 9.0 \$1.25 and \$1.50 per pair.
- " Embroidered border and frill, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.50 and \$2.75 per pair.
- " Dotted all over and frill, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50 per pair
- " Handsome border, 38 in. x 9.0, \$1.50 per pair
- " Fine open work border, 50 in. x 10.6, \$2.35 and \$2.50 per pair
- " Fine open work border } 39 in. x 9.0, \$2.65 and \$2.75 per pair
- " Extra fine quality
- " Extra fine quality, 39 in. x 10.6, \$3 per pair.

We can confidently recommend these goods for Chambers, Boudoirs, &c., and have pleasure in inviting inspection.

John Kay, Son & Co 34 King St. West
TORONTO



Parisian Novelties in

Dress Materials and

Millinery

Smart Tailor-Made Gowns.

Misses E. & H. Johnston

122 King Street West

Hothouse

Tomatoes

Mushrooms

Rhubarb

Lettuce

Cress (GARDEN and WATER)

Green Onions

Choice Celery

R. BARRON

726 & 728 Yonge St.

Branch Store - 201 Wellesley St.

Spring...

Invitations

Weddings

AND Announcements

Engraved in the Latest Style.

Write for prices and samples.

DONALD BAIN & CO., Fine Stationers
25 JORDAN STREET

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Upper Lake

Fleet "ALBERTA" "ATHABASCA" "MANITOBA"

LEAVE

OWEN SOUND

FORT WILLIAM

EVERY

Monday, Thursday & Saturday

After arrival of Express due to leave Toronto 8.00 a.m. same day.

Connections at Sault Ste. Marie for Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth and all Western States points, and at Fort William for Rat Portage, Ontario Gold Fields, Manitoba, the North-West Territories, the Rockies, British Columbia Gold Fields and all Pacific Coast points.

"For Baby's Sake."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS...

A gentle and effectual purgative for infants and small children; replaces all nauseous and griping drugs—no drug taste.

"I walked the floor night and day with my baby; tried every remedy I could hear of but received no benefit until we tried Baby's Own Tablets; the relief came like magic."—Mrs. E. Gibson, Brockville.

Use BABY'S OWN POWDER in the Nursery

The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WATSON—On May 3, at 98 Dunn avenue, the wife of G. F. Watson of a daughter.
STOCKDALE—April 29, Mrs. J. W. Stockdale—a son.
TYRRELL—April 24, Mrs. E. Tyrrell—a son.
WOODD—April 30, Mrs. William N. Woodd—a son.

Marriages.

PICKETT—MOAT—April 28, Albert V. Pickett to Maude H. Moat.
LECKIE—NOBLE—April 28, John Alexander Leckie to Helen Hart Noble.
ARNOLD—SCHIMMER—April 28, Samuel Arnold to Mrs. Elizabeth Schimmer.
MCCULLOUGH—GRAHAM—April 28, William McCullough to Maggie Graham.
SMITH—WESTWOOD—April 28, Arthur Smith to Laura Westwood.
HISLOP—BLOMFIELD—Kaslo, B.C., Easter Sunday, Jas. Hislop to Dorothy Henrietta Blomfield.
HAL—DODDS—May 3, Robert Hall to E. C. Dodds.
BROWNING—GOODSON—Brantford, May 5, John Peddie Browning to Bertha Goodson.
MATTHEWSON—JEFFREY—May 4, Dr. George H. Matthewson to Cecilia E. Jeffrey.

Deaths.

O'MALLEY—April 29, P. O'Malley, aged 80.
TELFER—April 28, Andrew Telfer, aged 68.
BLACK—Sophia Black, aged 56.
CRINGAN—Carlisle, Scotland, April 18, Janet Thom Cringan.
ASTON—April 29, J. C. Aston, aged 30.
STOCKDALE—April 28, Lila Stockdale, aged 21.
WILSON—April 30, Alexander Wilson, aged 71.
BARTON—May 1, Thomas Barton, aged 25.
FINK—April 29, John Fink, aged 21.
PEARSON—May 1, Jane Pearson, aged 74.
ROLLING—May 1, Alice Rolling, aged 68.
MACDOUGALL—Exmouth, Eng., April 23, Alan Macdougall, C.E., aged 54.
CHEESBROUGH—May 3, Dr. A. H. Cheesbrough, aged 38.
ALDERSON—May 3, Hattie Alderson, aged 25.
PEARSON—May 3, Alfred George Pearson.
PARKIN—May 2, Thomas Parkin, aged 77.
URE—Goderich, May 1, Mary Fraser Ure, aged 76.
JOLLEY—Galt, May 1, Arthur Jolley, aged 28.
STEVENSON—Agincourt, April 29, Isabella Stevenson, aged 41.
PHILLIPS—May 4, Maude M. Phillips.
BOUSTEAD—May 4, William Edward Boustead.

FUNERAL NOTICE

The PROPER furnishing and conducting of FUNERALS at a cost that does not make them a burden an ART with us.

W. H. STONE

YONGE 343 STREET

Telephone 932

DIPHTHERIA-SCARLET FEVER

Public Schools Epidemic

SPORER'S DISINFECTANT

Used every week prevents this kind of thing. Cheap. Druggists all sell it.